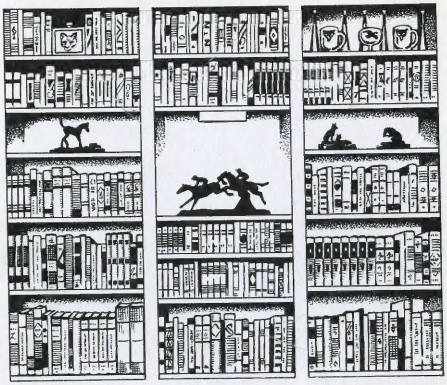

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Henry G. Denny.

BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS.

BY

HARRY HIEOVER.

[Charles Bentley]

LONDON:
T. C. NEWBY, 30, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1853.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

My Lord Duke,

The distinction of being permitted to dedicate the production of any pen to your Grace, would alone be sufficient to call forth unlimited congratulation to its Author.

This little Essay will, however, enjoy advantages from the dedication so condescendingly granted to it, that elevated rank alone would not procure for it.

The esteem, respect, and regard in which your Grace is held by all classes of society, will

be certain to produce attention to any work your Grace may be pleased to countenance and support; and where that work advocates the practice of kindness and humanity, all surprise will cease that might otherwise exist, at my being permitted to dedicate such a trifle as this little Essay to the Duke of Beaufort.

That title has so long been associated with the true field sports of this country, that the public will feel quite satisfied that any work your Grace may consider as deserving support, must be one written with truth, justice, and impartiality. If such should be found the unpretending features of this little Essay, I can hope for no more: should it, under the flattering auspices with which it will appear, become popular, I shall feel perfectly convinced that to those advantages it will be indebted mainly for its success.

Whatever may, however, be its fate, the honour conferred on me by its dedication no

acceptable to the Public, some one must be found generally known to be intimately acquainted with the habits, dispositions, and feelings of animals, and equally practised in their treatment and management, so as to render them serviceable to man, with the least possible suffering to the animal ; it was at the same time considered that such person should be also known as a sportsman, in order to do away with any impression on the reader's mind that he would be inflicted with the perusal of either maudlin sensibility, or overstrained feelings of unnecessary indulgence towards the brute creation.

I will endeavour to bring a case in point. If we wanted to reform the habitual drunkard, it would be quite impolitic to turn him over to the lessons or advice of the tee-totaller, or even the particularly abstemious man: he would most probably refuse to listen to either ; and if he did, he would hold all that emanated from them as ideas only originating with, and entertained by such particular

individuals ; but if we were to put him into the hands of one who in a gentlemanly way enjoyed the good things of life, and moreover was somewhat of a bon vivant, such a man would command attention from his more intemperate pupil; and if he represented and deprecated the degrading and demoralizing effects of habitual inebriety, his precepts would be acknowledged as truths, when the best discourse on the subject that ever came from the lips of the divine, would be unattended to by the reprobate, if we even succeeded in getting him into a situation to hear it.

As a man known to have been, in sporting phrase, " at all in the ring " in British sports (save deer stalking), the reader need fear no overstrained sensibility from Harry Hieover. Not having been particularly careful of my own neck, I have not hesitated in risking at times that of my horses ; never having shrank from strong personal exertion in sporting pursuits, I have

subjected my horses to the same, but I fairly shared both with them ; and I can boast that I never subjected any animals under my control to induce suffering, to gratify any propensity of my own.

If I have advocated as strongly as I have done in all my writings, the participating in and enjoyment of field sports, as producing a manliness of mind and hardihood of frame that have (as yet) characterised my countrymen, I have, I am happy to say and feel, equally advocated kindness and humanity to the animals that contribute to such enjoyments. Had I not done so, I should never have been selected as one that others are pleased to think a proper person to write "the Cause of the Quadruped;" for under such title it was proposed to bring the present little Essay out. I must confess the title was altered by myself, and must solicit pardon while stating my reason for making the the alteration. "The Cause of the Quadruped " only intimated

it was with an eye to *his* benefit the essay was written, and I feared such impression would not be favourable to its circulation. If in this particular I erred in judgment, I here offer my humble apology.

H. H.

PREFACE.

It is not always, or, indeed, generally the case, that an Author can flatter himself that he may commence his work without some misgivings as to how far his theme may meet the approbation of the Public ; indeed it often requires no little tact, so to describe its intent and purport as to awaken interest, or even curiosity, in one class of readers, and to avoid censure or refutation from another.

I am, however, for once in my life, in so enviable a position as to feel that the only apology requisite for this little Treatise will possibly arise

from a want of efficiency on my part in carrying it out.

It was at first contemplated to put the present work into the hands of one, whose pen I know would have done it far more justice than mine, and whose profession, with the right-minded part of the community, would have commanded an attention and respect that I cannot pretend to; but subsequent thought brought on the impression that those to whom the profession of that gentleman would have been a passport to such respectful attention, are not persons to whom a Treatise like the present is wanted; and it was feared that those to whom its circulation may be useful and desirable, would be deterred from reading it, by the very circumstance that ought to be the strongest incentive to do so; and it is to be feared, though not complimentary to the morality of society at large, that such would probably have been the case.

It was then suggested, that to render the work

man or circumstance can deprive me of. I have the honour to remain, with every feeling of respect and gratitude,

Your Grace's

Very obedient,

Humble, and devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS.

"Indocti discant et ament meminisse peritis."

It is somewhat remarkable that among the numerous works extant, relative to such animals as are in daily use among us, so little has been written as regards a proper humanity towards them. In saying it is remarkable, I by no means intend to say, or even infer, that it is *surprising*; at least it is not so to me, for knowing man as I do, I should only be surprised if more had been written on the subject than has been done; for it is not sufficiently evident that kindness to anything, so far affects the interest of the *pocket* as to make it a popular theme. If it was a self-evident fact that it did, the country

would be inundated by works of all sorts and sizes, and written by all sorts of persons, on the subject. If we were even to produce a work shewing how the lives of animals (even that of the favourite one, the horse,) could be rendered happy and comfortable to the animal individually, without any peculiar pecuniary advantage to the owner, it would not be bought; or if it was, and read, its precepts would not be attended to by one person in five hundred; but if we could pen a treatise in which we could shew how, by increased suffering to the animal, he could be made to live without cost of keep, or by diminished cost, and that without diminishing his value, all the disposable press of the country would barely suffice to print a publication imparting so invaluable a secret; and I greatly fear, that in the truly money-loving countries of England and Scotland, the system would be more acted upon than in any other. The Arab, from his known fondness of his horse, might probably prove an exception; but I am not aware of another. Go where we will, (though perhaps in a less degree than among ourselves,)

money sets at defiance, more or less, the breach of love, friendship, honour, kindness, and in bitter truth, honesty itself. It predominates from the extremest points of latitude and longitude, wherein is found the native of civilised nations. If we go to the "land of the cypress and myrtle," even in that elysium, even there, "where all but the spirit of man is divine," man is found in all his deformity of selfishness, avarice, and disregard of the feelings of aught but self; how then, in a country where the large majority of its inhabitants are, figuratively speaking, born in trade, where the "make money honestly if you can—if not," &c., is inculcated into the almost unbreeched urchin, are we to expect that finer, or better feelings, can rise over the one paramount to all others, namely, the love of gain? To this we may attribute the leading cause of so much cruelty to animals as is daily shewn by man.

It would afford me much pleasure could I shew that in all, and every case, the owner of an animal suffers in a pecuniary way by ill using him. Could I do so, neither I nor any other person need write

another word on the subject; no law would be required to punish brutality, no police to prevent its infliction, no commendation for the absence of it; interest would at once effect that which neither law, shame, nor eulogium, would produce.

Nothing injures any cause more than making any assertions, or using any arguments, that can be absolutely refuted, for if this is done as regards either, it throws a doubt on all that remains; and I am aware there are cases where, though sickening and disgusting to witness, or even hear of, pecuniary gain is the result of brutal treatment of animals, possessed by miscreants of various sorts, who hesitate on no disgraceful act if it tends to their interest to put it in practice; it is better therefore to allow at once a truth that we cannot controvert; and, with such as would avail themselves of such degrading source of gain, we can only trust to the strong arm of the law, and the vigilance of those who, in a commendable spirit, devote a portion of their time to the detection and punishment of such offenders, as the means of

diminishing the infliction of suffering on animals, whose nature and disposition shew far less of the brute than that of their merciless masters.

There is, however, another error, that is by no means an uncommon one for those to run into who deprecate any particular pursuit, or conduct, in others; this is, their enthusiasm in the cause they take up is apt to lead them to describe acts that only might be better left undone, as absolutely reprehensible, and others that are only reprehensible, as directly flagitious; the doing this only tends to bring on, first, a want of confidence in what they say, on the part of those to whom they address themselves; secondly, a denial of the truth and validity of the arguments produced; and lastly, a dogged determination to set them at defiance.

I think it more than probable that, in what I may say in the present essay, I shall be thought, by the amiable instigator of it, not to have gone far enough in stringent reprehension of some acts and pursuits, that to her may appear as cruel and unjustifiable; but I must bear in mind that in writing it

I have a twofold duty to perform—one to the cause I have taken in hand, the other to the public ; and, independent of other considerations, I feel shall best advocate that cause by speaking of such acts and pursuits with justness and impartiality, and measuring the quantum of their demerits (where such exist) by the standard that a personal participation in them has taught me to believe to be a true one.

I have frequently heard a somewhat singular hypothesis brought forward in excuse for unkindness towards the brute creation, namely, that "they were sent for our use." It would ill become me, on any occasion, to dispute, or perhaps enter into discussion of, dogmas of a spiritual nature, and most certainly I do not mean to enter on such spiritual controversy here ; but a remark or two on such matters, where they bear directly on the subject in hand, may I trust be held as allowable.

It is quite true we are told that the great Creator of all things said, on creating man, that he was to subdue, and have dominion over, all other living things ; to what degree that dominion was meant to

extend, I believe was not particularised. It might only mean that man, by his superiority of mind, was to subdue, so far as to prevent animals of a ferocious kind doing him injury; and let man, in his arrogance and self-sufficiency, keep in mind that if on his formation his Creator blessed *him*, he also blessed the fowls and the beasts, after he had made *them*. He said he had made roots, and other vegetable matter, for the food of man; he also said he had made herbage and other provender for all other living things, thus shewing their wants and comforts were his care. Shall man then dare to hold, or presume to think, their wants and comforts beneath his notice? let him, with all his real and self-imagined superiority, call to mind, then, when he ill uses the less-gifted denizen of the world, he is abusing a creature that has been blessed, in common with himself, by the same Omnipotence that created and fashioned both.

If man feels so perfectly satisfied that the whole and sole purport of the formation of other animals was that they might be useful to him, without their

life, liberty, and enjoyment, being contemplated, I would beg leave to ask him for what were hyenas, crocodiles, alligators, rattle-snakes, vultures, or even the beautiful zebra, made? If these were intended solely for our use, they strike me as rather an anomalous class, as destined to servitude. If they are so, then how limited is the power of mind and arm in man, when he cannot even command the services of the ass, for the zebra is no more. Let man also remember and allow, that many animals, in bodily attributes, and some in ingenuity, are very much his superiors. It is true that the lion trapped and caged, may prove the cunning and invention of man, and man may from such circumstance vaunt himself on his superiority; he may say even the Hyrcian tiger and Nubian lion were made for *me;* but let him meet either with only the natural powers given to each for attack and defence, man would soon find himself in a situation that might authorize the denizen of the forest to feel that man was made for *him.*

No one, of course, doubts the superiority of man

over every other animal; but it is in mind only his superiority consists; in proof of which, render him idiot, and he is seen in a state of pitiable degradation far beneath the majority of those animals that his mind only enables him to cope with. If, therefore, in point of mind he is so far their superior, let him at least use its attributes so as to render him in point of disposition their superior also. How often, how far too often, do we see it the reverse.

I should say that the leading causes of suffering to animals are the four following. First, as the "head and front" of offences of this kind, is the cupidity and avarice of man. Secondly, the want of knowledge of what really does occasion such suffering. Thirdly, a morbid and contemptible vanity, that often produces the infliction of suffering, from a desire to shew the superiority of the animal we possess, or our own in what we can do on, or with him, and lastly, and let us hope more rarely, from a mind devoid of the common feelings of humanity. Let no one fancy that the man who wants humanity to one class of

living beings will be humane to any other; he who is a brute to the brute, will be the same in all his relative duties in life; he will be brutal as a husband, brutal as a father, and brutal as a friend, for his mind is brutal. Boys we know, for we daily see it, are generally cruel to animals. This not arising from provocation, but an innate love of tyranny, a true though by no means flattering type of man; let us, however, hope that the cruelty of boys is often occasioned by want of reflection, and let us farther hope we may never meet with such a demon as a man who would be cruel from a sheer love of cruelty.

From whatever cause brutality originates, this is quite clear, the effect of it is the same to whatsoever or whomsoever is subjected to it. Passion, that so many persons hold as an excuse for what is inexcusable, I consider the worst plea that can be offered. A man of usual equanimity of mind may commit a fatal act, or one involving the risk of its being so; if he does, there can be little doubt but that he has received provocation, which, though it might not ex-

cuse, would at least palliate the act: even if he had acted under erroneous impression in that one act, it is very improbable that such a man would ever repeat such an offence while he breathed; but with a passionate man, neither relative, friend, servant, nor animal, is ever safe for a moment. Such a man has only the choice of being thought one of two characters, a savage who will gratify brutal passion if irritated at any moment, any where, and on any person or thing—or a fool, who cannot, or will not, call reason to his aid before he acts with blind and brute violence. A passionate person usually excuses himself by saying it is soon over; perhaps it is, after he has said so offensive a thing to a friend that obliges the latter to call him out; so hurtful a one to an amiable woman (unfortunate enough to be his wife), that she never forgets it; or after he has given a blow to some one, or something, that makes a cripple for life. But there is another reason why passionate people fancy their soon forgetting is an excuse for their conduct; they get into a passion for trifles that would hardly have called forth a word of reprimand

from others, and then, because they soon become calm where they ought not to have been at all ruffled, make a merit of not continuing to make brutes or fools of themselves for hours, when they should not have done so for one minute. I would as strongly counsel a woman to refuse a passionate man for a husband, as I would a maniac; the only difference between the two being, the aberration of intellect of the one is continual, in the other as circumstances call it forth. If therefore, uncontrolled temper in man produces such dire effects to his fellow-creature, what acts of brutality does it not often produce towards objects under his absolute control?

Having made these preliminary and cursory remarks on the principal causes of the sufferings that animals are exposed to, I will now more clearly particularize the classes of persons the most prone to inflict them, and will begin with those the most actuated by their avarice to do so. At the head of these are a class now all but extinct, namely, Coachowners. As a tolerably good four-in-hand coachman myself, my driving propensities made me

acquainted with many of these, most of them highly respectable men, well-conducted, and well-disposed in their general duties of life. Yet I can only call to my recollection one who paid the slightest regard to the sufferings of his horses—unless such suffering was likely to end in pecuniary loss. Make it but the interest of a coachowner to put on, or put down an opposition, the scenes they would without compunction contemplate, and the acts they would without hesitation sanction, were disgraceful to human nature. If an unfortunate animal died shortly after being unharnessed (no uncommon occurrence), they "sorrowed" not "o'er the expiring horse," but the few pounds he was worth, and very few they were; for where the greatest extent of exertion was required, and to contend with which sound limbs, a hale age, and undiminished powers and constitution were wanted, avarice put all the half worn-out cripples of the stock. 'Tis true they did their work, but in agony, and the double thong and whipcord made them bring the coach in at its time. The proprietor who killed or maimed the most horses, or at

least caused its being done, was complimented as being a "*spirited coach proprietor*," an appellation, I doubt not, many have often heard of and seen in print. "He does not care more about losing a horse than he would a rat," was a eulogium meant to be indicative of the liberal turn of mind of a man who ought to have been execrated for his avarice and brutality. The majority of persons reading of "that spirited coach proprietor," most probably held it as implying that he expended more money for their accommodation, and consequently was satisfied with less profit than others. Not a bit; his being spirited only consisted in his never hesitating to spend a few extra hundreds on any occasion, where he saw an advantage in so doing. He would sink five hundred in an opposition, and immolate horses by the dozen, to bring on the ruin of a fellow-coachowner, and "drive his coach off the road," that he might have that road to himself; his "spirit" in this was often about as laudable as his mercy to the horses sinking in the fray. Yet such of the public as were not deterred by apprehension of injury to their own persons,

would patronize the coach because "it went so fast," whereas they ought in no measured terms to have expressed their abhorrence of the suffering it occasioned. Latterly, however, proprietors really got spirited in a better way, for they found their *interest* in so doing; the pace had become great no doubt, but they got horses equal to it, and very superior men to drive them. Then, as if what was right was not to last, steam put an end to it, for we did not find any of the "spirited coach-proprietors" run a coach longer than it paid, nor can any one blame them for it. They are, however, gone.

Postmasters have been another class against whom, if we could conceive the spirits of horses could be reanimated, they would rise in bitter array. So long as it was supposed nature would last, to enable a horse to drag a carriage at the required pace, there were no limits to the cupidity of the postmaster; no matter what number of miles a horse might have gone, if he could earn more by another stage, he would be sent; and, on such occasions, I am sorry to say the public seldom

evinced the slightest regard to the state of the horses drawing them: they might see the postboy using the whip and spur as much as he pleased, no enquiry was made; but, on the contrary, if the pace was not quite equal to the impatience of the traveller, an angry reprimand on that head was most likely the only remark made. Half the persons availing themselves of the use of hired animals, seem to consider that their being hired does away with all calls of interest or humanity in the parties using them; such ideas are neither honest, just, nor manly. It is dishonest to injure, or suffer to be injured, what belongs to another, if we can prevent it; it is unjust to do, or suffer to be done, that towards another, we would not permit in our own case; and I hold it one of the extremes of unmanliness, to be the injuring or ill using anything that we are aware will not, or cannot, retaliate. Many a savage would kick an inoffensive cur, though his coward heart would quail before the steady look of the nobler blood-hound, a true though degrading emblem of his usual conduct among his fellow-men;

in such opinion I am borne out by far better authority than my own remarks through life—

> "Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
> The slumbering venom of the folded snake."

It may be asked whether we are bound to shew the same attention to a post, or hired horse, as to one of our own? I will endeavour to shew how far this obligation goes, or, at least, how far I conceive it does; to assist me in this, I will state personal cases. To the best of my recollection, I never hired a horse to ride in my life, and never to drive but on four occasions; the first was on a leader having galled his shoulder, so the hired horse went with, and was treated like my own horses, during the three or four days I used him. On another occasion I hired a gig horse to go to a fair, as I did not choose to risk my own getting a cold, or kicked. In the third case, I hired a pair of phaeton horses to go to a pic-nic party of two days' duration; and the fourth was pretty similar, namely, to go and dine *al fresco* in Windsor Park. The work on all these occasions was very light, and the horses as kindly, that is

properly treated, as if they were valuable ones; but I think it perfectly fair to risk twenty-five pounds in danger where we might not a hundred; and further, what might, and probably would, bring on cold and lasting disease to an animal treated as valuable ones are, would not do so with those used to hardier endurance. If a man has occasion to expose an animal to heats and cold, bad roads, inclement weather, change of stables, and water, and provender, as he can get them, he would naturally take the least valuable one he had, and the one least likely to feel their effects; so on such occasions there is neither injustice to the owner, nor cruelty to the animal, to hire one; for nothing is intended to be done with him that the person driving would not do with his own, if he had one fitted for such purpose: but we are in no shape authorised in premeditately subjecting an animal to suffering, or undue exertion, because he is unfortunate enough to be hired. If I wanted to go a long but reasonable distance, and had no horse by me in the habit of, or condition for such an undertaking, I should hire,

upon the same principle that if it was necessary ten miles should be walked under a mid-day sun, or inclement weather, I should go myself, if I had no one else to send, instead of permitting my wife, daughter, or any delicate female, to undergo such undertaking; neither myself nor man would by this undergo more than some bodily inconvenience, but it would create very great suffering to the others. What an animal can do with fair and mere ordinary fatigue, there is nothing improper in hiring him or calling on him to do; but I would refuse my hand to—I would not call friend—any man who would subject an animal to more than this, because he was a hired one.

Now we will see how far, and in what kind of case avarice would have, and often has, induced people to hire. We will suppose a party of four persons wanted to go thirty-four miles out of town and back; this, at the old coach fares, would cost about one pound sixteen, a shilling each to the coachman, and say a couple amongst them to guard or porters, making two pounds two; instead of this, they hire a phaeton, or probably, in their term, a

phe-*a*ton for the day, for one pound one; the horse, decently fed, would cost five shillings, ostlers two, turnpikes three, making one pound eleven, thus saving eleven shillings. To do this, they subject a poor brute, perhaps part of the time under a glaring sun, to drag them sixty-eight miles; the *ladies*, sitting with perfect composure, hearing and seeing him whaled along the last ten miles in all the suffering of exhausted nature: fortunate animal he may consider himself, if increased pace is not demanded of him on nearing the house of the considerate party, in order to shew in what superior manner they came along.

But this act, merciless as it shows, was possibly not achieved without stratagem—in fact, direct and flagitious falsehood having been used. An owner would not let a single horse to draw four ersons and a phaeton nearly seventy miles for a guinea, and, if a respectable and at all merciful man, not for increased price. So on the hiring the representation is made that the destination is Hounslow to lunch, Salt Hill to spend the day, Cranford bridge to tea in the way

back, and return in the cool of the evening; so, in the *gentleman* hirer's terms, "the horse will have plenty of time for rest and refreshment." And so he would had such been the truth, and only a fair and moderate day's work; but instead of once contemplating the dining at Salt Hill, where I, at least, never found such a thing could be achieved for a trifle, they well knew they intended to go where they could dine for nothing, namely, at some relative or friend's house in the neighbourhood of Twyford, and where, if accommodation for the animal was to be attained, the item of his cost would be diminished. In going, instead of the lunch at Hounslow, and the promised rest and refreshment at Salt Hill, a bit of hay (and water to any extent the ostler chose to give it, or possibly the thirsty animal chose to take it at a trough, in the middle of the journey) sufficed, or was made to do so, while the party complaining of the heat consoled themselves inside the house with cold negus, or a cool tankard. On arriving at the friend's, if the horse could be taken in, a reward was furtively promised the lout who took him, to "feed

him well," as that would cost nothing ; but whether he did or not, depend on it the hirer never took the trouble to ascertain. If, on the other hand, he was sent to the nearest public house, a quartern of corn was ordered, but probably never given. If the host entertained the animal, on the party leaving, sixpence, with a smile that was intended to convey, "I suppose you are not often in such luck," was given the boy or man ; or if an ostler brought back the equipage, the same miserable stipend was grudgingly given, as the miserable quartern of oats and bit of hay ordered had to be paid for. Returning, the dust and fatigue probably did compel the party to take the promised tea at Cranford bridge, and the fear of not otherwise being taken home in the expected time, produced the order of another liberal feed of a quartern of oats, unless the horse had been fed at the friend's, which having been *only* some twenty-three miles off, it was unanimously agreed he could want no more. Of the result of this and their return over the last few miles, I have already spoken. Such is the fate, and such the treatment many a poor hired

animal undergoes; such is the meanness, the lies, for it is no other used in hiring, and such the cruelty often practised by despicable avarice, and the absence of all proper feeling that should emanate from one calling himself man.

I may be accused of making somewhat more stringent remarks on, and indeed accusations against the selfishness and want of feeling on the part of persons in general, as regards animals, than they may think deserved, or that I am warranted in doing. If they are so, I hope it will be remembered, that I am not writing to amuse, that I have not personally selected my subject, but that being fixed on, I am only doing what some one else would have been deputed to do, had I not been flattered by being held as capable of judging how far the cause calls for such observations as I may make: of course what I say does not apply indiscriminately to all persons; those whom the still voice of conscience does not reprove, will, I am sure, applaud the motive of the work. Even those who may, or must, allow themselves to be in the reverse case, will hesitate ere they venture to

censure *that*, however irate they may feel against the writer. Soliciting pardon for these fugitive and digressive remarks, I now return to my subject.

Our street carriages for hire are a strong proof that my accusations are not unmerited, and here master, man, and the public must in many instances add to my category of the merciless. All the master, or rather the generality of masters, care about is, that so much money is brought home in a given time; that the carriage is brought in without damage, that would put him to expense in repairing it; and that the horse comes home in such state as will not diminish his value, or prevent his working the next day. He sees, without remorse, his animal start in the morning with a pair of fore feet that he is well aware it is agony to put to the ground, and that every step he takes is torture; nor does the idea of selling a horse so circumstanced ever enter his head, and for this reason, if he happens to be a good, game, and high-couraged animal, with such a disease he will work for months, perhaps years. Should some one make a remark on the cruelty of sending

out such a cripple, "Oh, he will go well enough when he gets warm;" probably he may, but how will he *feel* when he gets cool? might be asked. This is a point neither master nor man either think or care about; but I will tell how the horse will feel: about as the reader would, if compelled to walk, stand, and run all day in a pair of wooden shoes, and those far too small for him; to this may possibly be added a spavined hock, the pain of which I will describe. It is similar, on first starting, to what a man would feel if the fluid that lubricates the joint of the knee, was dried up, and the bones, in a state of inflammation, grated on each other. Still, in such a state are unfortunate animals often made to work. I saw such a case not long ago.

Another case of barbarity I saw about to take place very lately. I observed a cab for hire, starting from the owner's stables in the morning; the horse refused to face the collar, and a man was at each hind wheel, shoving the carriage after him. I suspected the cause, as the horse showed no indication of restiveness; I ordered the fellow to stop;

I lifted up the collar, and saw such a pair of, not merely galled, but absolutely diseased, shoulders, as were sickening to look at; I took his number and dared him to take the cab on to the stand with that horse. It ended in his putting another in.

The reader may quite dismiss any surmise, if he entertains one, that I am likely to magnify grievances of this sort, or represent that which is only ordinary inconvenience and endurance, as intense suffering. From some natural or physical cause, I am personally most singularly insensible to bodily pain; it is fortunate for me that I am so, for few men have been hurt in various ways as much as myself; I, therefore, am not likely to give way to maudlin feeling as regards common endurance in man or beast; so it may be depended on, that when I use the term "suffering," it is so to the full extent of the implication.

The class of men who drive these street cabs for employers, are not usually those from whom we may expect much feeling or consideration for the animal under their control; but they are rendered

worse by the avarice of their masters. Their wages are so low, that they depend chiefly on the extra work they can get out of the horse, who has, not figuratively speaking but absolutely, to work for master and man; thus, after earning the required sum, as his day's work, for the former, he begins his labour for the latter. This might be no great hardship on the horse, or reprehensible conduct on the part of the driver, if he only took fares leading towards home; but supposing the cab to be in the Strand, and the animal's home to be in Moor-fields, if a fare offered to go to Knightsbridge or Brompton, the unfortunate brute would be driven there for the benefit of the man, though a full day's work had been performed for the master. Let any one cast his eye on the cabs he sometimes sees returning to their home; let him observe the jaded gait of the poor horse after the harass of his day's exertion.

See that fine old grey, now white with age; his head alone would suffice to shew the high breeding of himself and ancestors. The small taper nose, whose nostril is now distended with pain and

exhaustion, shews plainly the cross of the Arab that had been resorted to, to bring an English breed to the highest caste. That portion of the frontal bone arching the eye, still shews, by its prominence and capacity, that it once contained an orb bright and full, sparkling with intelligence and noble spirit; his fine form shews where once strongly developed muscle spoke of speed, endurance, and powers, the pride of his master, the terror of the turf, and the admiration of the field. He for whom once a trusty groom was held insufficient without the superintendence of a superior, at a cost of at least two hundred a year to his employer;—he for whom the very elements were watched, that his clothing might be arranged to prevent their blowing too rudely on his polished coat and tender skin;—he for whom the sensitive feelings of man were not trusted to, but the thermometer consulted, that the atmosphere he breathed in his stable should be precisely at the height most conducive to his health and comfort;—he for whom the hand and head of the horseman were once requisite to prevent his generous spirit

exhausting his wonderful powers, by over-willing exertion, in the flying chase ;—see him now,

"Scourged like a panniered ass."

He drags, mechanically, his weary limbs one after the other, all but insensible even to pain ; his outstretched neck shews one of the last sure symptoms of exhausted nature ; that eye of fire, now shews sunken, glazed, opaque, motionless, and seemingly fixed on vacancy.

Reader, you have oft (let us hope thoughtlessly) availed yourself of a vehicle where the animal drawing it was the prototype of the poor grey ; ay, and have added to his sufferings by the promise of extra reward—for what? for extra and detestable cruelty on the part of the driver, to gratify your impatience, or save five minutes of time, that, in ordinary circumstances, you must use for better purpose than your fellow-man, if that five minutes was destined to any purpose that could be admitted even as palliation for the infliction of barbarity on the wreck of a noble animal.

If by the foregoing description I may have happily

awakened the sympathy of some heart of generous feeling, a still sadder cause for that sympathy exists in the case of those animals worked in the night cabs. Here, as used to be the case in night coaches, such horses as public observation and reprehension would prevent owners working in the honest face of day, are, under the veil of darkness, and the diminished number of observers, given into the hands of a set of low, brutal savages, whose acts, habits, and, in sooth, in some cases, whose persons policy requires concealment by the silent night. Here is little check indeed on what the lowest specimens of humanity may be induced to do by avarice, drunkenness, or brutish disposition. He, or her, returning from some scene of gaiety, hear stroke after stroke of the whip mercilessly applied, and hear it with perfect apathy: is it the apathy of the heart, or that of thought? the reader must answer that question for himself. But to shew that it is one of these, I will put a question that I only ask him to answer to himself: Have you never, after your ears have told you such treatment of the animal drawing had taken

place, made this only remark, "The man drove very well," or "He brought us home very quick"? If recollection bring back nothing similar to the mind, I bow with submission, in allowing that in your case my hypothesis does not apply.

Let every man, however, and every class of men, have fair play and justice done them; the cab owners and cab drivers of 1853 are no more like what they were in 1845, than are their horses like the wretched animals who drew hackney coaches in 1800. I really believe we are indebted in a great measure for this improvement to Hansom; he introduced a superior running vehicle, very superior horses, and was prudent enough to also secure superior men to drive them. We read a vast deal of twaddle and misrepresentation that editors of newspapers are pestered with, from "a Victim," "a Sufferer," and the Lord knows who, for the editor usually does not, though his courtesy induces him to insert the communication. But the accusations are often quite unfounded. I can only say, I very rarely indeed meet with extortion or insolence in a cabman. Some may say or think I am particularly fortunate

in this; not a bit, it merely is the result of a little foresight on my part. I never engage a cab with a half-starved, miserable-looking animal attached to it, or a dirty, slovenly fellow driving it. If the horse looks in fair flesh, the vehicle decently clean, and the man cleanly also, it shows there is respectability of feeling and intention in master or man, whichever he may be; and where a wish to make a respectable appearance is manifested, it usually induces to a reasonable demand and proper civility; and I firmly believe half these self-styled victims and sufferers are quite as unreasonable in the service they want performed for a given sum, as any cabman can be from what he demands; but if people will engage or get into cabs where the appearance of the animal, vehicle, and man evince brutality and disregard of respectability in the latter, they cannot be surprised if they meet with extortion in the demand, and abuse if it is not complied with. Such are the kind of street vehicles (and my picture is not too highly coloured) that people often engage. Let no one encourage such, and they would shortly disappear.

The butcher has been so proverbial as to his want of common humanity to his horse, that "butchering a horse," or being "a butcher on a horse," are terms not unfrequently used in the hunting-field, in reprehension of a man who rides his horse unfairly, that is, who evinces want of consideration or feeling in the riding him. In the butcher's case, avarice causes his inhumanity, avarice induces him to purchase the lowest-priced animal that can be made perform his daily severe duties: his object is to get the most possible work out of the animal, at the least possible cost; and the boy or man who goes his rounds, and over the greatest extent of ground in the least time, ranks highest in the estimation of his master.

On one occasion I went and represented to a master butcher, the inhumanity I daily saw practised on his wretched pony, by a young demon of a boy in his employ. The reply I got was, "I mustn't say nothing to him; he is the best boy I ever had, and gets over his work the quickest; and the pony don't matter, for I only gave four pounds for him." Did none of his customers ever see the wretched

specimen of anatomy and suffering standing at their door? Doubtless many had, and possibly thoughtlessly laughed at his haggard look; but if the sirloin was good, what mattered how it was brought?

I have mentioned a few classes as a type of scores of beings whose accursed (for I can use no more appropriate term) love of gain, blunts every feeling that ought to constitute the man. We will now mention causes not absolutely flagitious, but equally certain to produce suffering to animals, namely, ignorance of what does occasion it, and consequently want of knowledge of the means of preventing its infliction. It is really surprising to witness the extent of this want of knowledge, even with many in the daily habit of having animals under their care. I have said the acts of such persons are not absolutely reprehensible: I allow the acts in themselves are not, no cruelty or unkindness being intended, but I hold the ignorance to be greatly and justly reprehensible; for whether we undertake the care of youth, the command of the soldier or sailor, the control of servants, or the management of animals of instinct

only, it is our bounden duty to qualify ourselves for either task, where a want of knowledge would be certain to cause injustice, inconvenience, and suffering to any person, or any thing subject to our control. If suffering in any case arises from our ignorance, we are the cause of it as much as if we designedly inflicted it, the only difference being (and I allow it to be great as regards our estimate of persons), in the first instance the fault is that of the head, in the latter the crime is that of the heart; but the effect is the same to those who suffer by it.

My attention in this essay has been particularly directed towards the horse, as being the noblest and, in accordance with his pretensions, the most ill-used, or rather the most abused animal under the control of man. Some one may ask, can we call that animal ill-used, or abused, in the possession of which, and in the care of whom, fortunes are sometimes spent? Certainly not, while his looks and energies can contribute to the vanity or pleasures of man; but when those fleeting attributes are gone, what is his

fate then? Shuddering humanity "echoes," not "where," but "what?"

Notwithstanding I am desired to make the horse the principal object of my observations here, as being the most abused; and though personally I hold the Race-horse and the Hunter ought never to be contaminated by the touch of any but those who can appreciate their high standing among, nay, superiority to all other animals, save man;—I, who hold that pugs, poodles, mere pet spaniels, *et hoc genus omnis*, ought never to be born unless they could be taught to wait on the fox-hound;—I, with all these opinions, or perhaps prejudices, would in no way wish to confine my advocacy of kindness to the favourites I look on with so much respect. "Respect!" echoes some reader, with a look showing astonishment, and perhaps derision. Yes, reader, I have written it, and cavil at the word as you will, and condemn him who wrote it as you may, I respect race-horse, hunter, and fox-hound, and detest a pug; yet I would no more ill-treat the latter than I would the best race-horse, beneath whose flying

foot the scarcely-touched blade springs up again uninjured.

I in no shape wish this essay on "Biped and Quadruped" to be held as advocating that of kindness to the horse alone. I will show I have as strongly urged it towards that useful and usually harmless animal, the cow. Her life, while it lasts, is usually subject to less annoyance or injury, and more peace and comfort than any other large domestic animal that we appropriate to our use. I mention her, to bring forward an instance where want of knowledge of what is proper for an animal, produced beyond all doubt much suffering. A relative of my own, as kind-hearted a man as ever lived, a most kind and considerate master to servants, his horses, dogs, and, as he believed, to all animals, kept two cows for the use of the family. He would almost dread a colder wind than usual blowing on his hunter, though he braved it in his own person; he would have got out of his bed had he heard one of his dogs howl in the night, if he had been left exposed to its inclemency. Yet would he allow, for he did, his cows to shiver

through the coldest winter night, knee deep in frozen snow, with icicles hanging from all parts of their bodies, without the slightest shelter. This he saw without one feeling of pity, not from any wish to be cruel, but because he could not be persuaded they suffered by it. It is true the same cold that would have been perhaps death to one of his horses, might create little inconvenience to the cow, accustomed to the open air; but the cow feels the pain of cold as much as the racer or hunter, when the influence of cold affects both in an equal degree. It is only in the different degrees of cold, that the difference between the feelings of the two animals exists. Was ignorance here an excuse? most certainly not, it was downright cruelty; its only trifling palliation was, it was not designed cruelty.

My task is now becoming one of peculiar delicacy, for such it ever must, and ever should be held, where woman is the theme. In most cases it is a delightful one, the only difficulty being to procure a proper offering for so fair a shrine; unwelcome, then, becomes the task, for ungracious must appear the act

of him who points out the few, the very few slight specks that dim perfection.

In mentioning such causes of suffering to animals as originate from any fault of the heart or mind, I have only alluded to man; but now, when mentioning similar effects produced from want of knowledge of the habits and feelings of animals, I must include the other sex; not in a vein of censure, but in offering instruction, where and on what I am quite sure they would seek instruction, if once shown that by doing so, it would prevent their inflicting one moment's pain on any inoffensive creature.

Women of all grades, as might naturally be expected, are very greatly in error as to what does cause suffering to animals, horses in particular; and some ladies entertain the very erroneous, indeed absurd notion, that any knowledge of this sort is not only beneath their notice, but unfeminine; I make no more stringent observation to such ladies, than by truly stating, I never heard such a remark made, or idea entertained, by any woman of fashion, education, sense, and good feeling.

A remark was made to me by a young lady, since I began this essay, to this effect, that "she thought the subject, and the promoting its being written upon, was a singular idea in a female." "I grant," said I, "it is singular, *very singular*, and I never paid so bad a compliment to your sex in my life as admitting that it is so; nor would it ever have suggested itself to one whose mind was not of a very high order, or who did not possess the moral courage to be quite indifferent to the opinion of the crowd, when certain the motive will challenge the approbation of the highly gifted, as to talent, cultivated mind, and generous feeling, and in most cases as to position in life."

We will now see among what class of females a want of knowledge of the management and habits of animals exists in the greatest degree. It is among those who, with a few hundreds a year, lead a London life, enjoying certain comforts, super-fashionable in dress and ultra-fashionable in ideas, yet never being in a position to enjoy the possession of animals (horses in particular), as objects of pleasure, or show, (both proper for those of higher

pretensions,) such will often pretend to disregard what they cannot possess; they would far more show themselves fitted for better things, by honestly allowing they appreciated the luxury of possessing them. When expressing themselves otherwise, they are actuated by the same false and mistaken principle as the low-born man, when he expresses his contempt of high birth; by which, when he does it, he merely exhibits mind and ideas low as his origin.

As I before remarked, women are, more or less, one and all, much mistaken in what is suffering to animals, and on some points it is even commendable their being so, or at all events of little consequence were they to remain in the error, for it is one that could produce no suffering; for instance, a short time since a lady at a race meeting observed to me, that "the day was dreadfully hot for the poor horses that had to run." Now this was in a very great degree a mistaken sympathy, but the amiability of mind and thought that caused it, made a very lovely face look lovelier still; and I remarked with pleasure the flush of pride that, on hearing the remark, lit

up the face of one present, who, if "the course of true love" does "run smooth," will be the fortunate possessor of one so lovely in mind as well as form.

It is a very natural idea, that great exertion under a glowing sun must produce great suffering. In reply to this, as an abstract problem, I should of course say, it certainly does; but this requires some explanation: great exertion, if it is only of very short duration, is little more felt in a hot day than a cooler one; it is continued exertion, under such circumstances, that not only produces suffering, but often kills. On the occasion I allude to, I quite horrified my fair interlocutor, by telling her what most certainly was fact, namely, that the four posters who had brought her family's carriage twelve miles, with six inside, two servants in the rumble, and two friends on the box, had undergone more suffering from the heat, than would all the race horses at the meeting put together—though there, heats were mostly run. I will explain to the reader why this is, in somewhat similar terms I used on the occasion

alluded to. The race-horse, comparatively speaking, suffers nothing from the heat while running—in fact, so far as mere atmospheric influence affects him, he is, and feels, absolutely cooler while running, than when walking ; and again, adverting to atmospheric influence only, the faster he goes the cooler he feels, for he then meets a current of air that he did not in his walk ; in fact, he felt far more of the heat in his walk to the race-course, than while running ; and again, suppose situation prevents his being got under shade, where he feels the enervating effects of the heat is just when he would not be pitied, namely, in being walked about the half hour between the heats. We often see a race-horse win, or run a heat, without, in technical phrase, "turning a hair ;" but suppose the reverse to be the case, and he sweats profusely, probably this is constitutional habit ; but be it so or not, he very possibly does not feel himself hotter, if so hot as his rival, who shows no such effects of the race. Profuse perspiration tends to cool the constitution, it is internal fever that consumes ; half sweating a race-horse is not at all unlikely to

bring on fever; but if the sweat is so timed that, on being scraped, the water runs freely and profusely before the scraper, no after-mischief is likely to occur, if common care is taken.

Let two men walk at their leisure six miles to see two others run a mile match on a burning hot day; the latter would be probably felt for by many: the feeling would be misplaced, the walkers would suffer most; the runners, their race over, would be well rubbed, dried, and cooled; in an hour they would feel light in themselves and spirits, cool and vigorous; the walkers would feel feverish, dispirited, and jaded for the remainder of the day, and I speak from practical experience.

Why was not the feeling and sympathy of the fair girl awakened for the posters that brought her? Simply because she had no conception they suffered in their task; they had brought her apparently merrily along, she had been accustomed to see the same thing whenever posters were applied to the carriage, and her father's horses only being used for airings, or short journeys at a moderate pace, of course never

were distressed; what, then, was to tell her that the increased pace (postmasters usually direct their boys to go, when employed in the service of persons of the higher order) did create any distress to the horses? Now had it been proposed to send her favourite riding horse, on any occasion, where he would have been called on to go twelve miles within the hour, under a burning sun, and return in the same time, her sympathy would have been immediately awakened, not because one property was another's and the other her own, but because her attention would have been called to the one, but was not to the other. I am quite ready to admit that four post horses, if in fine working condition, might not suffer much in doing twelve miles an hour, very fast though the pace is, and I admit the lady's horse would probably have done so with the same exertion; all I condemn is, that the generality of persons never take the trouble to consider whether they are the means of causing suffering, or not, or care at all about it if they are.

Epsom races, though they are patronised by the

highest of our aristocracy, undoubtedly bring within a square half mile a greater mass of the scum of the earth, and a greater amount and amalgamation of all that is low, iniquitous, and despicable, than any other annual event of a sporting nature; though a true lover of racing, I hate the place, and should any other of equal importance within the same distance of the metropolis. I hate it on the ground of its congregating a greater number of miscreants than any other place, though, in sooth, the railroad now supplies a very liberal sample of such at most meetings. Epsom is notorious as having immolated more horses in their day's work to and from it, than any town in the United Kingdom, or the world; the way to it is long, the weather usually oppressively hot, and the dust only equalled by that of the desert, under the influence of the simoon; every wretched cripple that it is thought can be made go the distance, is put in requisition, and, as regards the vehicle it draws, its strongest recommendation is the greatest amount in numbers of merciless animation that it will contain. Because the light barouche of the noble

or gentleman, with four of the best of Newman's posters, go there at a pace distressing to a certain degree even to them, each driver of a wretched hired gig, or owner of some miserable under-sized, over-worked, half-fed animal, tries to go the same, and this I have heard called the "fun of the road;" fun, yes I should call it fun too, if I could see such owners harnessed each to his own vehicle. It may be said, if a proprietor does not mind causing his own horses to be improperly used or driven, those using them need not trouble themselves about the matter; this may at first appear as really sound logic, nay, a truism; it is no such thing, it is bringing forward fallacious excuse for, and in defence of, what is indefensible. If the postmaster orders that his horses shall not be spared, what induces him to do so? cupidity. He holds the pleasing an influential customer, of far greater importance to him than any distress his horses may undergo; so, according to the logic alluded to, because a man may direct an act of brutality to be committed, another is to hold himself excused in making himself a brute also, by

sanctioning the act. The true logic to be used in such case is, that it is making two brutes instead of one. It may be objected that my terms used are too forcible for ordinary occasions: perhaps they are, and I hope they will remain so; but if for brutality I substitute the softer words of thoughtlessness, want of judgment, and perchance no little want of feeling, I suspect many must confess to themselves, that what I say comes home.

Now, in one bearing of the case, I quite agree in the axiom, that there exists no positive necessity for our anxiety about the property of another, if he shews no anxiety about it himself; nor need we, *if* the improperly treated property was inanimate. If a man chose to set fire to his post-chaise, why should I trouble myself about the matter? he might, for me, do the same thing every day, if he pleased; I should laugh at his folly, and warm myself by the fire: but though I should not interfere for the post-*chaise*, I most certainly should for the post-*horse*, if I saw him injured. I should not interfere for the sake of the man, but for that of the horse and my

own feelings. I doubt not any of my readers would shrink with horror from the hardened wretch who averred he could composedly see a limb taken from a beautiful child, and allege, as a reason, that the suffering child belonged to another; he is little better who could, or would, see pain inflicted on an inoffensive animal, because that was not his own. The difference between the two is only, the first would be (as J. J. Rousseau describes a son unloving, and ungrateful to his mother) a monster who ought to have been strangled at his birth; the other, one who ought to be despised and execrated by his fellow-men. We cannot suppose it probable that the apathy, even of the latter, could be shewn by women; should, however, such a case occur, hide her, ye guardians of the fair and good, from the eyes of men, as one deformed in mind, apostate to her sex.

Since the now fashionable sport of steeple-racing has got so much in vogue, numberless ladies attend such meetings as public scenes of gaiety and amusement; numbers have, however, mentioned

such pursuits to me in terms of great reprehension, as being cruel and unjustifiable. I fear, though I have so far participated in such events as to have ridden in them, I must not deny that they do often lead to much, and very severe, cruelty and punishment to animals, whose powers would be better employed in more justifiable pursuits; be this as it may, coarse must be the mind of him, however keen a sportsman he might be, if he hesitated one moment in deciding which of two females would be the most to be admired—her who might express her admiration of such sport, or the one who awarded to it her unqualified detestation. Tenderness of feeling, is in woman (as it is said charity is in man) "twice blessed," it is, more than beauty, the sure passport to man's heart; although quite aware of this, it must not actuate me, or my judgment, in giving a fair and impartial opinion as to in what cases animals really suffer They do often suffer most severely, I admit, in steeple chases; but this does not amount to the fact that such sport is always, and in all cases, a cruel one; there is no earthly reason that it should be, and

when it is made so, it certainly in no way adds to the amusement or gratification of those concerned in, or witnessing it; quite the reverse, for any one possessing common humanity would turn from such a sight, disgusted at the circumstance, and loathing the perpetrator of it. It is, we all know, very severe exertion for the twelve or fourteen minutes it usually lasts; but horses in high condition, and properly trained for it, if fairly ridden, do not usually suffer enough to call forth indiscriminate pity. Among other cases, there are two very prominent ones, in either of which the horse unfortunate enough to be engaged, is sure to suffer severely; the one is, when he is ridden by a gentleman rider knowing little, or perhaps nothing, about what he undertakes; the other, when some scoundrel, after contriving to get his horse high up in the betting, runs him to lose. In speaking of gentlemen riders, I in no shape mean to include *en masse* all who ride races under such denomination, for I could mention a great number who can ride as well as the professionals; when this is the case, we will hope superiority of educa-

tion " emollit mores nec sinet esse feros;" and I will further hope, that where horses have been as unfairly ridden and as unfeelingly punished as I have often seen them by gentlemen riders, it has proceeded from want of judgment and over-excitement, a very poor excuse, I must admit, when it is done ; still it does not call forth the same unmitigated and proper censure and disgust, as absolute want of feeling, which, give it its proper appellation, we can call nothing less than sheer brutality. Why horses often suffer so much under unpractised gentlemen riders, is this, such persons ride their horse so injudiciously, that he is virtually often beat by the time the race is half over, and when near the end of it has no more chance of winning it than a dead one ; their want of practice, and consequently judgment, prevents their knowing or feeling when this is the case, and the fear of their riding being criticised induces them to try if steel and whipcord cannot effect what is impossible. I can most truly assure them, that neither or both of these modes of punishment can produce any beneficial effect when the animal

powers are prostrated, it is as useless as it is absurd, unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and brutal. As I shall have again to mention gentlemen riders, under another head of cruelty, I drop the subject as regards them for the present.

It would not be to the purpose of the present essay, to mention the thousand and one nefarious acts that are practised in racing matters: ordinary dishonesty is a virtue in comparison with them; my object here is only such as cause suffering to a noble animal. Persons unacquainted with such matters might very naturally suppose that the principal cause of suffering to the race horse, steeple-chaser, or any horse running for money, would be his being unmercifully punished to make, or to endeavour to make him win; but the direct reverse is often the fact, the most shamefully and brutally punished animal I ever had the unpleasantry of seeing, was one that it was quite intended and indeed decided on should lose. Many might suppose that to lose a race, nothing more would be wanting than to abstain from calling the best powers of the horse into action; and the in-

ference would therefore be, that losing a race is a kind of holiday to him, however much it might be a penance day to those who had betted on his winning. This little bit of mystery, but great piece of rascality, must be explained. If two individuals choose to have a private race, or match between two horses, if the rider of either found he could not win his race without greatly distressing his horse, and from feelings of kindness preferred losing the stake to punishing the animal, he need resort to no art or cruelty to effect his purpose. But if a man runs his horse in a public manner, on a public race course, and for a public stake, the case is widely altered; he will be told he has no right to consult his own feelings, or those of his horse, as the money and interest of persons betting on this, as on other races, is involved in the event personally. I totally deny the validity of such claim on the part of bettors; but this is not a subject for discussion here, further than to show why and how an expected winner is often punished by "running him to lose."

It must be borne in mind that owners of race

horses, like all other men, have a character, many one of such sort that they would be happy to lose it if they could; but this is not readily effected, for it is much more difficult to lose a bad than to gain a good one; but as they all have a character of some sort, it merges into this: those (and there are some) of high character would not wish that it should be tainted, the thousands who have a very bad one do not wish it made worse, and the very pretty sprinkling who have only the character of being capable of any rascally act or acts that are disgraceful to man, are forced to keep up some show of fair dealing, knowing as they well do, that every act is watched and suspected. Jockeys have, if they are high in their profession, a great deal of character at stake, for if a man is making a thousand a year by his riding, a few hundreds will not tempt him to materially sully his character, either on the score of his ability or honesty; as a pound, shilling, and pence matter he would refuse to do so, under ordinary temptation; the trainer has also character at stake, so when he does wrong, he must mask it with considerable tact;

and I must pay the two latter the compliment of saying, that speaking of them generally I would quite as soon trust to their words and honour, as I would to that of the great majority of their employers, even noble as some of them are; for I know, and many know, nobility will on occasion show little (nay, great) tricky arts in turf matters, and such things have occurred, at no remote period, of a Nobleman's horse being "pulled," as well as others belonging to commoners. A very heavy bettor once said, "if he could only lose his own character and borrow a good one, for one race meeting of importance, he would in that meeting make his fortune;" thus it appears that character is to be turned to advantage in turf affairs; this being the case, appearances must be kept up, and there are many cases where (when a horse is running with others), if all those who were known to be nearly or quite equal to him in qualifications to him were scratched, that is withdrawn, it would be the greatest puzzle that could happen to his owner; for to lose a race against a field that it was well known a particular horse could beat in a canter,

would be too glaring, and if he wins, what becomes of the bets his owner has by his agents made against him? winning would gain him a few hundreds in stakes, but lose a fortune in bets. He could not ask such a man as Jem Robinson, or others of high standing, to risk his character to lose on such an occasion, nor is it so often as many persons suppose that jockeys are the persons to whom blame is to be attached when a race is lost. It is quite certain that a race cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be lost by a horse that is superior to the others he is to run with; to bring this about, the agency of trainer, or jockey, or both, must be resorted to. If it is known that the merits of two or three horses in the race are very nearly balanced, the jockey can certainly lose it, if he pleases to do so, without injury to his character with the public; but it is not always quite safe to trust to this, for something may occur to make him alter his intention; if he does, ruin to the owner is probably the consequence; so, where losing is to be the game, the surest thing is not to trust to the Jockey's promise of making a scoundrel of himself.

Now where it is quite expected that a horse from his superiority must win, no man would trust to a jockey's promise to lose; so the horse would be so treated as to render him so inferior to others in the race, that the jockey may try as long as he pleases, but unless some most extraordinary circumstance arises, he cannot win. Most persons have heard of the terms of "hocussing" horses, or "making them safe;" in whatever way they night "made safe," the effect is the same—they lose. It may be thought by some that the making a horse safe, comprehends some practice of cruelty; it does so as to its results, but not as to the usual mode resorted to to make him so; it merely consists in so dosing him as to put him in the same state of prostration of powers of exertion, lassitude, and depression of spirits, and vigour, that a man is seen in who has been inebriated to a great excess the preceding day.

A man thus circumstanced would most certainly not feel disposed to run a race, and if he did, he would have little chance of winning it; he would

not undergo actual pain, or great suffering to do so, nor does the horse; but where the parallel of the two cases ceases is in this;—the man runs, cannot win, and he undergoes no punishment further than his exertion; but, in the other case, appearances must be kept up, the jockey must shew that he makes every exertion to win, for on a known superior horse, if, on finding he had no chance, he pulled up, it would be said he purposely lost the race. There can be little doubt but if he had ridden the horse before, or been accustomed to see him go, that on giving him his canter before the race he might detect what had been done as well as if he had been told it was so; but he dare not publicly state this, or even privately assert what he could not prove; so he rides the horse, and, to avoid the censure of the public, the unfortunate animal is severely punished to save the character of a rascally owner, and a jockey who depends on his own for his bread. It may be asked, why I do not also say rascally trainer? for this reason, the trainer would not, in ordinary cases, dare to dose a horse under his care

without the sanction of the master; so where the rascality originates, there let the greatest and most deserved reprobation rest; this shews why a horse that is run to lose is all but certain to be grossly abused. There have been other means resorted to, to prevent a horse winning, that really are painful to the animal, and consequently brutal on the part of the perpetrator; but these are rare, from the liability of producing permanent or, at least, lengthened injury: let it be done as it may, whenever we see a superior horse beaten by inferior ones, and see him severely punished, in nineteen cases in twenty we should be justified in passing an opinion that such a result began by rascality, and ended in brutality; and I have no hesitation in saying, that the owner who orders such to be put in practice, be he who he may, ought not to be tolerated in civilised society. If an owner merely desires his horse to be *pulled*, (that is, not allowed to win,) let him excuse himself to those interested as he best can; with such a case I have nothing to do here, it is no brutality to the animal; and, sooth to say, most

likely the majority of those who might suffer in a pecuniary way are of a class who deserve no pity, let them suffer what they will. If a man was to say to his jockey, "If you can win your race without abusing your horse, do, but I will not have him butchered and cut up for double the stakes;" such a man would be abused by the whole betting fraternity; his conduct would be called unjustifiable, unsportsmanlike, and ungentlemanly. My individual opinion of such a man matters little, but I hope I am right in my surmise, that such an order would raise him in the opinion of every right-thinking person who knew it was so given.

We will now, for the present, quit the subject of racing of either kind, and take up that of the chase; I have heard this designated, by persons of anti-sporting habits, as cruel.

Whoever wishes his reasoning, or opinion, on any subject to produce any attention or effect, should be careful not to let his personal predilections for, or against, such subject influence the opinions he may promulgate upon it, for the moment it is perceived

prejudice influences, all confidence in what he asserts ceases. It would be absurd to maintain that there is no cruelty in hunting, it is equally absurd to suppose that those patronising it must be cruel; it may be said it is cruel to turn out a stag and run him till his animal powers are exhausted; no man of common sense, of candour, and truth, can deny that, *to a certain extent*, it is so; but when we take into consideration that a hunting deer is kept all the year in positive luxury, has as much liberty as is necessary to his health, has the choicest of food provided for him, without his having the trouble of seeking it, that he is comfortably sheltered from inclemency of weather, and lives free from danger for three hundred and sixty days of the year,—it is not certainly taxing him very heavily, to make him exert himself five or six times during a hunting season. It may be further averred, that it is cruel to confine him; some deprivation he undergoes in this respect, no doubt, and the theory and imagery of his roaming over his native wilds in all the proud consciousness of freedom, sounds well, and is very well, during that

part of the year when food courts his fastidious appetite, and genial atmosphere renders his existence one of enjoyment without alloy; but when the piercing cold and inhospitable frosts of winter cause his shining and dappled sides to change to rusty brown, and the scanty blade has to be searched for far and wide, when snows almost hide his favourite heather, and the dried unsavoury blade cannot be reached until his foot has scraped aside its frozen covering;—then the comfortable paddock, warm shed, and nourishing food, would not be a bad exchange for the snow-clad mountain.

We hunt foxes, and the advocates of such sport, if any aspersion is cast on their favourite pursuit, bring forward as a plea that the fox is a noxious animal; now this is sheer sophistry. As an enthusiastic foxhunter myself, I should really hold it beneath such character to bring forward so futile and unnecessary an excuse; no man hunts a fox because he is noxious; let him, like an honest fellow, say he hunts him because his chase is a more enlivening and enthusiastic one than any other in our

country, and the rogue is, on an average, a fair match for the pack; when hunted he has a chance for his life, and a very good one—the murderous gun would give him far less. If the hypercritic or hyper-moralist says we have no right to kill a fox at all, it is too knotty a point for me to discuss; at all events, till the truth of such hypothesis is proved to me, though I am advocating the cause of the quadruped, I shall always fill a bumper whenever foxhunting is the toast.

"Surely" (it may be said) "you can bring forward no excuse for torturing the timid and inoffensive hare."

Now, if it was proved we are not to kill a fox, it most certainly would place fox-hunting in a position it never before stood or, with submission, I believe ever will stand; so if any one can prove we must not eat hare, it would place hare-hunting in the same jeopardy; but it has *not* been proved, so we will look to such weeping accusation against hare-hunting. Torturing is a term that grates on the feelings of every one, who has any about him; but in what

does this torturing consist? Most persons sit down very composedly, and some with a good deal of avidity, to table when they see a hare on a dish instead of "her form," and if told it is a hunted hare, as she is reckoned more tender than a shot one, I have never, to my recollection, seen any one refuse a slice of the back, for that reason. It is clear, therefore, or at least more than probable, that as hares have been killed, killed they still will be, so long as there exist persons to eat them; the only matter in hand is the mode of killing, for those persons who call hunting torturing them, and I have often heard it thus defined. I will suppose a case:

A traveller falls in with a horde of Indians, is held prisoner, but is told that if, after a fair start is given him, he can escape his pursuers, by speed, endurance of long running, or any artifice he can use, he may do so; or he may, as an alternative, take the risk, at a fair distance, of being shot at by a good marksman; the latter he knows to be nearly certain death. Could it be called torturing, the giving him an equal chance of escape, or being overtaken? Now, though never a regular hare-

hunter, I have seen a good deal of it, and should certainly say, that of any given number of hares starting before harriers, more than half escape. We now come to the timidity of the hare, which is mentioned as adding to the injustice or cruelty of hunting her. It may be, and is wrong, to alarm unnecessarily a timid person; but where it would be held excusable to put a man to death, I really do not see that his being a coward could be brought forward as a plea in his favour. Then as to the inoffensiveness of the hare, it is quite ideal; for though inoffensive as far as relates to attack and defence, she is really more mischievous than the fox. He picks up a rabbit or a fowl, occasionally; she is daily consuming the produce of the farm, and the very best of it. The fox, when he cannot get choicer food, consumes many living things we are glad to have taken away; the hare eats nothing but that we wish to have abundance of, and in young plantations is a very mischievous animal, notwithstanding her timidity; and further, put her in a hutch, or box, and let a lady attempt to take her out, she would probably find that puss was not quite

a pet lamb, but the delicate hand would very likely shew marks in evidence of certain powers of very sore assault. The hare is naturally afraid of the dog, and is, of course, no match for a hound; but put her and a pet spaniel together in a box, or small room, if the love pet began taking liberties, I am not sure but he would be deterred from repeating them, when both were confined. I will venture a hope that what I have said, may in some way tend to soften the charge of cruelty in hunting any wild animal; and that where, or when, any cruelty is occasioned by it, it is not in the mere act of the chasing, but in the way it is carried out, and that not as regards the animals chased, but those employed in the chasing them.

Hounds are often treated most cruelly, and punished most unmercifully, and, what is worse, very frequently most unjustly. So far as the actual chastisement of them goes, the huntsman is innocent, for he never does, or at least never ought to, flog a hound. This, when called for, is the business of the whips, or, in less technical phrase, the whippers-in. In some particulars we are now more enlightened than we

were a century back, and in kennel discipline among the rest. Very great, indeed odious, cruelty used to be constantly practised in fox-hound kennels—perhaps there are some now where reformation in this respect is wanted; where it is so, generally speaking, the men are not first-rate at their business, for where that is well conducted, such severity is not often wanted. Hounds are like young persons, very difficult to reclaim when past a certain age, but child or puppy is easily made do what is proper, and then propriety becomes natural to them. It is cruelty to permit either to acquire bad habits, and it becomes positive barbarity and injustice to unmercifully punish, in order to correct that which has become habit, from our ignorance or supineness in not counteracting it at the proper time. The flogging administered sometimes to hounds is really no less than disgraceful to man. I quite allow the provocation is great, where the noisy babbling of some false-tongued sinner distracts the attention of hounds finding, or when his running hare, or haunch, calls the whole pack from their legitimate business; still it should be remembered it is as

natural to the dog to chase hare, or deer, as fox. It is tuition only, that induces him to adhere to any particular sort of game; and if a puppy at his walk is exposed to the chance of being hallooed to chase all sorts of things, how can we reconcile it to justice, common sense, or, at least, common humanity, to half cut him to pieces afterwards, to prevent his doing what we have been, at all events, the passive agents in teaching him to do? This is often a great drawback on whatever other advantages may arise from sending puppies out to walk, which, for the information of those quite uninitiated in hunting matters, I state to be sending them to farmers, inns, and trades-persons, to be kept till old enough to return to kennel to be entered with the pack of hunting-hounds. Few men ought to have greater command of temper than a first whip; and it is one of the principal particulars about him, that I should enquire into in engaging one. He is subject to much provocation from refractory hounds, and the discipline and obedience of the pack rests greatly with him. The huntsman has to shew his abilities in hunting them

and their game; but this he cannot do with effect, unless they are obedient to his voice and horn, are attentive to a halloo, fly to a cheer, and are at once attentive to a rate. If a hound goes far towards spoiling a day's sport by anything he does, it requires great command of temper, and considerable discrimination, to decide on what is ignorance, inadvertency, or excitement, or obstinate and wilful transgression. Men often claim great palliation for an error, alleging over-excitement as the cause, and this cause often produces many errors in the fox-hound: has he not the same right as man to put in the same plea, on the same account?

I once saw a really disgusting scene of cruelty and bad judgment take place, where I should have expected better things: this under the auspices of the famous Tom Oldaker, formerly huntsman of the Old Berkley fox-hounds. I had called at the kennel at Gerrard's Cross, in my way to cover, intending to go on with the hounds. I heard some hound in the kennel crying most piteously, and heard lash after lash being administered; I went in to see what was

the matter, and in hope of putting in a word in favour of the culprit: there was Oldaker and his two whips, with a hound in one of the yards; each lashed him as he came within reach of him, calling out the name of the dog at each stroke. On my entering, they stopped, and old Tom certainly looked very black, and I thought a little ashamed of what I caught him at; and well he might: in the first place a huntsman should be beloved by his hounds, consequently a rate, or smack of his whip in token of his anger, or at most a stroke of it, if he catches a hound in the immediate committal of a fault, is the most he should do. It is true there was but this one unfortunate animal in the yard, but it was only divided from the rest by palisades, so the whole pack were alarmed by what was going forward; I learned that the fault of the hound was one very common to man, perhaps sometimes even to the inflicters of the brutal act (for it was a brutal flogging)—this was making too free with his tongue. The next fault was, he would, if out of sight, pay no heed to a rate. So the principle they went on was, that by calling out his name, and accompany-

ing that by the thong, so to awe him on hearing his name called to, that fear should make him shrink away abashed at the word. It might possibly have this effect; but to invade the quiet of the poor animal, when committing no fault, and of course not knowing for what he was punished, had something abhorrent in it. With his sides, and indeed whole body, bloody in parts, and evidently in great pain, he was taken out with the pack; he trotted dejectedly along, instinctively following his companions with his stern and head down, and looking a most pitiable object. I watched him closely all day; he certainly did not offend, but whenever I saw him, either while finding or in chase, he merely went mechanically with the rest, and took no part in the business of the day. I was really interested in the fate of the poor hound, and wormed out the secret some weeks afterwards, that he had been so completely cowed he was good for nothing; and they would have ended his career by hanging, but I begged he might be given to me. I made him a present, shortly afterwards, to another hunt; he recovered his confidence,

and became one of the leading favourites with that pack.

To shew how careful masters should be, as regards the tempers of men to whom they entrust dumb animals, I will mention a short anecdote of John Monk, once huntsman to Mr. Hanbury's pack. I was looking at the hounds, when perceiving one lame, Monk examined him to find the cause; in doing this the dog snapped at him, when, snatching up his whip that lay on the ground, he struck the hound on the head with the hammer end of it; he dropped as if shot. Monk was stooping with his face directly from me; the temptation was too great to resist. I gave him a kick that sent him completely heels over head; he got up no little astonished, but, being a good-natured fellow, he admitted I had served him right. The hound was only stunned, and on further examining we found a large black thorn buried in the flesh; this having been pressed in the examination, I have no doubt produced such intolerable pain, that the animal snapped at the hand with all but involuntary impulse; as a friend of

mine once, while undergoing the probing a tender tooth, gave the operator such a blow under the chin as sent him reeling back against the opposite wall. Monk was a good-tempered man, and the hound as well-tempered a dog: they both erred from impulse —the one from pain, the other passion.

No man would be a greater martinet than myself in the field, if I was master of a pack of hounds. I should be most strict as to the performance of duty as regarded men, horses, and hounds; but a man may be this, and yet not only be humane, kind, and indulgent, but beloved by all. I hold hunting of all sorts, but, above all, foxhunting, to be most beneficial to the locality where it is carried on; a healthful, manly, gentlemanly pursuit, to those engaging in it, and one in the carrying on of which I should spare neither trouble nor money. Still I cannot but feel quite convinced, that on all principle, moral and divine, and in duty to our own conscience, we have no right in doing anything that it is not vitally necessary to do; to do it, at the expense of suffering to man, horse, or hound;

nor is such at all necessary, nor does it in any way promote the enjoyment of sport, or add to the efficiency or character for superiority of a hunting establishment, or indeed of any other. Where it takes place in any unusual degree, it almost universally arises from bad management; and the permitting it shews the master, or manager, anything but a good sportsman, a good judge of sporting appliances and their management, and, I should say, very little of an estimable man.

I have heard many shooters affirm that their pursuit was carried on without producing suffering to anything; and many a lady who would turn away in horror from seeing a fowl's neck broken by her cook, would with great glee commend the shot who brought down the pheasant or partridge. Now which of the two is the pleasanter, to have one's neck broken, or to be riddled with shot, we will not attempt to decide here; but I have a word or two beyond the actual death to discuss. I allow that a first-rate shot may seldom miss, and when he kills he "kills dead;" but all shooters are not such shots, and in that case what becomes of the unfor-

tunate maimed who escape? Some die a death of pain that lasts for hours, others linger on in a helpless state till death from pain and starvation puts a period to their suffering, happier if a fox or stoat ends them sooner. A sportsman would not, certainly, fire into the middle of a covey; but, though he singles out his bird, it very frequently happens that stray shot wounds others more or less severely; and if a shot, I mean a shooter, does not bring his bird down (let him deny it if he can), he feels no little solace from hearing the gamekeeper or bystander say, "You hit him very hard, sir;" and each feather that may fly from the wounded bird, the shooter feels, in figurative term, "a feather in his own cap;" whereas the merciful, and indeed truly sportsmanlike feeling would be, as he did not bring him down, the assurance that he had not touched a feather. By what I have written I in no way intend to convey the idea that shooting is to be termed a cruel sport, all I may say about it is, merely to shew it is not exempt from a shade of it as well as my favourite sports, racing and hunting. "Those who play at bowls must take rubbers," so says the proverb. "There are specks on

the sun," so affirms another; and there are not only specks, but blots in sporting; we know it, therefore let us render them as little objectionable as possible.

But there is often cruelty of far deeper dye practised in carrying out shooting, than the killing or wounding birds; the last is often accidental, and never wished for by the true sportsman; but there is a very great deal of cruelty often practised on the dogs during their breaking. This business is entrusted to men who, though perhaps very expert in breaking dogs, so as to make them perfect by some means or other, are not very particular as to whether those means are consistent with reason and humanity, or the reverse; such men do not reason much, and really hold a dog criminal if (we will say) he runs into his game, that is, does not stop and stand, or point, before he disturbs it. Now suppose a dog has unfortunately not a very keen perception of scent; not winding the covey, of course he goes on ranging in search of one; up and away they go, the unlucky animal is caught, and most cruelly flogged

for having unconsciously done wrong, or what is held as wrong. The flogging is injustice and barbarity; the dog had no intention of offending, consequently (let ignorance and obstinacy say what they may) he had no means of judging of what he was flogged for. No one can be absurd enough to suppose that a pointer points in order to show his master that game is at hand; from some instinctive impulse, the pointer and setter often stop naturally, on winding game; the hound, on such occasions, rushes on with greater glee and impetus; each has his mode of getting at his game; and that to kill and eat it is the animal impulse of both, I conceive admits not of a doubt. It may be said, and truly, that a foxhound only eats a fox when the former is in a state of excitement; this is doubtless the case, and merely shews that fox is not the game that in a state of nature he would pursue. The foxhound is an artificial animal, we teach him to hunt foxes for our own gratification, and flog him for pursuing such game as nature directs him to kill; the cause of the pointer stopping on scenting his game, is some

impulse for which we cannot account, unless it be something like the following reason. He seeks winged animals; instinct, or trial, has taught him that if he disturbs them they fly beyond his reach, so, I conclude, that he stops, and if left to his own discretion, would creep stealthily up to them, till near enough to make a rush, and thus try to catch them before they could get on wing.

It may be said, in refutation of my surmise, that the spaniel hunts for winged animals also, and does not stop. He certainly does not: whether this arises from want of sense, if I may use the word, or from our habituating him to hunt, and put up flying game, I am not prepared to say: most puppies will pursue flying birds; but if they do, they usually leave off such unprofitable habits as they gain experience,—unless, as in the case of spaniels, we permit them to notice a bird on the wing. I should, therefore, say the rabbit or young leveret was probably the natural game of the spaniel; the pheasant, woodcock, and snipe game he pursues, or at least hunts for from tuition.

If stopping is natural to the pointer and setter, which, more or less, it is, we may fairly infer that when he does not stop, he has not scented game, and such, no doubt, is in most cases the fact. It is, therefore, no more justifiable to punish him for this, than to punish a deaf man because he does not hear sounds perceptible to other persons. That unmerciful flogging may in time cause a dog to run into game less frequently than he might at first do, I admit; but it is a very severe, nay, cruel remedy for a defect in nature: it cannot, of course, make his nose more keen; its only effect can be this—from being always severely beaten whenever he does run into birds, he becomes so truly alarmed lest he should do so, that he ranges more leisurely, and, in fact, does his business in fear and trembling. It would be far better, and more merciful, to give such an animal to some one wanting a sharp yard dog, which many pointers are: a really valuable dog he never can become—he has not the physical requisites for one; if he is fast, and makes use of his speed in ranging, he will certainly run into birds, and if he hunts care-

fully enough to remedy the defect of obtuseness of smell, he is but an indifferent pottering apology for a pointer. I have known men who have had a kind of diabolic pleasure in taking a dog in hand, tha another with some feelings of humanity has given up as incorrigible, and if by positive barbarity they have cured him of his failings, have gloried in their achievement. Save us from contact with such wretched specimens of our kind; such a man must be a brute in nature, and most probably a coward at heart, if put to real test. I admit that having a day's sport spoiled is annoying in no small degree, but the loss of amusement is no justification for cruelty or undue severity. One great mistake, or indeed arrogant opinion, I might justly call it, that people indulge in, is, that whatever contributes to or forms their pleasures are absolute matters of paramount importance; thus many a man would hold himself justified on half flogging a dog to death, because he had been the means of preventing a partridge being shot. I quite deny the axiom; there is no necessity for a partridge being shot to show off a man's good

shooting; it is a sport, an amusement, and that only, and, as I before said, has no unjustifiable cruelty in its indulgence. It produces great excitement to those who are enthusiastic about it; but we have no right to be cruel, to indulge in excitement, or enthusiasm, or both combined; the mere amusement of man is not to be indulged in at the expense of good and proper feeling, though his arrogance induces him to think that the comfort, well-doing, or even the life of dumb animals ought to be sacrificed, if necessary, to promote his pleasure.

Probably a nobleman, or gentleman, who tries for the first time a pointer he has brought up, and which has been broken by his keeper, is delighted with the dog, and, as probably, knows nothing of the severity the unfortunate beast has undergone, to bring him to be perfectly steady, to "back," bring his game if wished, not to "break field," to "down-charge," and other perfections that render a pointer valuable.

It has been stated, and, true or not, is accredited by many, that the miserable dancing bears that used to disgrace our streets were taught to do this,

by being placed on hot iron, or some kind of hot flooring. Most persons held in just abhorrence the perpetration of such cruelty, and equally properly deprecated the putting a poor brute to pain, to force him to do what nature never taught him to perform; and in further reprehension of such cruelty, alleged there could be no use in such grotesque exhibition, as it could only amuse the very low. I will suppose a reader and a brother sportsman to have been anathematising the bear-leading fraternity, in which heart and soul I join him; but enthusiastic as we may both be as sporting men, let us be also as just as our judgment enables us to be in our deductions and conclusions, and also calm and dispassionate in our reasoning. It certainly is not a natural act of the bear to dance, if a dance it could be called, and it is barbarous to punish him to make him do it; but we are not to suppose if what has been mentioned was the method employed to make the bear dance, that he was put on red hot iron, or iron hot enough to injure his feet materially, but must infer it was just hot enough to prevent his standing still;

hot enough, no doubt, it was to make the lesson a disgusting piece of barbarity; but, after all, probably he did not suffer a bit more than the pointer often does under a savage-tempered gamekeeper; and let me tell the shot that a great deal of what he demands of his pointer is as little natural to him as dancing is to a bear, and consequently it is just as arbitrary to demand an act contrary to habit of one animal, as it is in the case of the other. It may very properly be said, no possible public advantage can accrue from a bear's dancing; no absolute public good arises from partridges being shot, for the markets could be plentifully supplied with them by other means. Shooting is a gentlemanly amusement it may be argued, and a bear's dance is not; granted, but a thing being gentlemanly only, in no way warrants improper cruelty to an animal, a bit more than if the pursuit was even vulgar. Now what would the bear leader say? I should conceive it would be something to the following effect: "I have used cruelty to make my bear dance, I allow it, but then his dancing supports me and my family,

does your pointer support yours? You may say no sensible man nor no gentleman is amused by a bear's dancing. I allow that, but all people are not sensible or gentlemen either; the lower orders are amused by it, so it answers my purpose and theirs, and the low have as much right to be amused as the high, if their amusement is not attended by more reprehensible acts than the others; the truth is, you like shooting, and do not see any amusement in bear dancing. I don't say I am right in being cruel to make my beast *dance*, but I am not more wrong than you, in encouraging cruelty to make your dog *back*."

It is natural to the pointer to hunt, consequently so soon as one or a brace of birds have been shot, it is as natural for him to start off in search of more; but it is not natural for him to "down charge," yet he is flogged till he does do so; the animal, from fear and habit, gets to do this, but of course from no other motive; he would think it just as sensible a demand to be required to stand on his hind legs, or turn heels over head till his master had reloaded.

The pointer's natural incentive to hunt for game no doubt is to eat it, and if he sees another stop and point he knows the other winds game; his natural impulse would be to get up to him to share in the spoil, not to stand still to let him get the lion's, or whole share. Flogging makes him back steadily, that is flogging if he does not do so, and, in truth, pointers get plenty of this discipline, and that often in a most unmerciful way; and as if that was not enough, there are other devices more cruel still. I have heard of a slight but strong and very long cord being tied to the tenderest part of the animal's anatomy, and if he did not immediately attend to the keeper's command, who held the end of it, the poor brute got a snatch that pulled him head over heels; if this is not a diabolical invention and cruelty, I know not what is.

If doing all that is required of a pointer was natural to him, he would of course do it naturally, but as he does not, there is no use in denying the plain fact—that the dog is more or less cruelly treated as he may be more or less timid, obedient, or sensible,

to make him do that which is not natural to him, solely and simply to conduce to the avarice of a keeper, or the amusement and vanity of his master. It is a beautiful sight, I allow, to see a brace or two of highly-disciplined pointers go through all the niceties of their business; but it is a sight that seldom is, or has been seen, without a very great amount of suffering being inflicted; and as it mostly is the case where any animals are placed under the hands of men of coarse and low minds, what ought to be done by patience and contrivance, is done by unwarrantable, frequently unjust, and quite as often ignorant severity, and where such severity answers no purpose, from its cause not being within the range of the instinct of the animal. Ignorance of how far instinct serves the dumb animal, is one of the leading causes of much useless suffering to them. Where blind ignorance exists, the animal is not given credit for half the sense, and, if I may be allowed the expression, half the mental attributes he has, while on other points it is expected that he should be capable of what would amount to reasoning

faculty. I will mention a supposed case, in some elucidation of what I mean. We will say that a dog wildly ranging in quest of game is not only unmindful of the voice or whistle of his master, or keeper, but ranges on, and finally "breaks field," that is, jumps a gate or fence and gets into a second field, while the sportsman is in the first. He is caught as soon as circumstances allow it to be done; this is probably effected by being coaxed, cajoled, and encouraged to come to his master's side: the return for this obedience is an unmerciful flogging; his name, Dan, Don, Shot, or whatever it may be, being loudly vociferated in his ear, as each lash falls on his body; instinct, or as much of reasoning power as we must give him credit for possessing, would induce him to suppose that as his last act was coming to his master he was flogged for that, and it would really require combination of ideas and reflective powers to enable him inwardly to say—"I recollect that half an hour ago I did not stop when called to, but I am sure it was not for that;" for even supposing he did know that he was expected to obey the call, the soothing and en-

couraging voice used after the committal of the offence, would make it appear that he had since the fault been high in favour. It would be rather too much to expect him to reason and say, "Yes, but the hypocrisy was only used to get me into the hands of him using it."

Now we will suppose that after having been most unmercifully beaten, the dog does stop the next time his name is hallooed out. A man, the calibre of whose mind might enable him to think once but not twice, would say, "You see he knew well enough what I thrashed him for." Now the real fact would be, the poor brute knew nothing at all about the matter; but the reason he did stop is this: before being so direfully punished and frightened, the excitement of hunting engaged his attention more than the call of the sportsman; but after being punished, and hearing his name dictatorially and angrily shouted, the next time he hears it in the same tone and voice, it so appals him that it diverts his attention from what he is about, and he comes to the call the same as he would on ordinary occasions, when not rendered heedless by excitement. A brutal mind would in-

duce a man to say, "I don't care what the act may be, if it produces what I want:" upon such a man reasoning would be thrown away, he is a brute sinning willingly, with his eyes open, and against all feeling that should actuate man; he is a far more despicable brute than the unfortunate one committed to his care, who only sins from ignorance, natural animal excitement, and consequent heedlessness.

"Is a dog then to be allowed to run wildly where he pleases, instead of being corrected for it?" exclaims some ardent shot, or perhaps ignorant keeper. Certainly not; he is to be taught *not* to do this, but he is not to be allowed to do it, and then be half flayed alive because he has done it; most dogs will be obedient while within a certain distance from us, more or less, according to the impulse of the animal, but many will disobey command when fancying themselves beyond our control. We must, therefore, take care such a dog does not get beyond the limit in which we know he will be attentive, till he can by degrees be trusted further and further from us; this, I admit, may be a work of more time

and trouble than a savage succession of floggings; but I can only say, I would much rather my dog should give a keeper or myself trouble, than the keeper should give the dog the punishment such men usually do. I have seen a good many dogs and a good many keepers in my time, and this much I am warranted in saying—I have seen numberless sporting dogs very *obedient* to keepers, but scarcely ever saw one evincing that cheerful attachment to them that dogs usually do to other persons. And now to coursing.

Somerville describes coursers as "the mean, murderous, coursing crew." Why he should designate them as mean I cannot see; murderous they certainly are, so is the hunter, so is the shot; for though "Killing no Murder" makes a most laughable farce, whether we style it murder or not; if we kill, it becomes a very serious tragedy to the party undergoing it. I suppose our poet held it unjustifiable to kill a hare by any means but hunting her. I have never been a coursing man, so am not likely to speak partially of it or its effects; but candour

must induce me to say, that so far from meriting the stigma of murderous, I really must think, as a sport, it involves less suffering to animals than any other I have ever joined in. As regards the hare, I should say that, in ordinary countries and situations, as many hares beat greyhounds as harriers; it is true the former is beyond all comparison the fleetest animal, but then he has only one sense to trust to, sight; out of sight the hare is as safe as if a hundred miles from the dog, so the want of nose is to be set against his superior speed. It is true, with him, five minutes or less settles the business—the hare is killed or escapes; if, therefore, murder or killing of any sort is to be done, "'twere well 'twere done quickly." Now, as regards the animals used in coursing: I conceive that there is no description of sporting dog subject to so little correction as the greyhound; he is not one of much sagacity, and, fortunately for him, little of it is required in his use; he has a strong spice of cunning about him, and when this is shewn to any extent he becomes worthless, unless it be to catch a hare for the table; and,

very luckily for him, when he has faults they are of such a nature that no correction can make him comprehend them, consequently it is quite useless to apply it.

Horses, when used in coursing, certainly do get a most trying gallop; but it is short, and amounts merely to the distress of a man running a mile against time; a few minutes recover their wind, and then they are as fresh as ever. I must, therefore, differ from even such high authority as Somerville, as regards accusing coursers of meanness or being murderous, though in predilection for other sports I quite agree with him, for I certainly should never occupy the time in coursing I should devote to hunting.

Fishing, denominated the "gentle craft," admits of two opinions; if we are to believe the worm writhes upon the hook, it certainly is most barbarous, for impaling a living animal to cause it to contribute to our amusement would be an act disgraceful to humanity; but I by no means consider it as certain that the worm does suffer at all in comparison with

what might be supposed. I judge on this principle: if we were to thrust a pike through the body and out at the head of man, horse, dog, or mouse, instant death would occur; it is not so with the worm, for pass the hook through him and gently draw it out over the shank, he would live, and I suspect his dying on the hook arises more from being kept under water than from the injury of the steel. It is a pretty, a poetic, and humane idea, that the smallest atom "feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." I am not prepared to say but that if a mountain crushed a man to instant death, and the foot of man did the same by a mouse or humming-bird, but that the pang felt by either might be similar; why death, or rather the being put to death, is usually more serious to the large than the small animal, I conceive to be chiefly arising from our not apportioning the strength of the death-dealing blow to the strength of the vital faculty in the large one; we use a bullet to destroy an elephant so we do to kill a dog, whereas, to produce equal stunning effect and equally sudden cessation of

sensation, a cannon ball should come in contact with the forehead of the elephant.

Every one, or at least most persons, have heard of the cruel and lengthened sufferings of the poor elephant that was, by a succession of musket balls, at last killed in her den in the menagerie; now, could it have been done, one twenty pounder from a piece of ordnance would probably have destroyed her as quickly as a bullet does the dog. It is well known, that a thrust with a small dagger scientifically made behind the horns of the bullock will bring him down, indeed kill him much sooner than the pole-axe in daily use—in fact, the Mahoots can destroy an elephant almost instantaneously by such means; why it is not used instead of the pole-axe, with which sometimes several strokes are given before the beast is stunned, I know not; most probably because though many like beef, few ever trouble their heads about the most merciful way of killing the ox.

In fishing, as regards the fish hooked, I really believe that so far from suffering much pain from the

hook, if it merely catches him by his lips, he feels scarcely any pain worth mentioning, and I go on these simple grounds; after having been hooked and carrying off hook and part of the line with him, he will often snap up the bait and a hook when offered him in a few minutes after his first escape: it may be said he only sees the bait and not the hook; we will allow this, but judging by myself, I think if I had had a proportionate hook thrust through my mouth, I should not feel disposed for lunch in a few minutes after the occurrence.

But to return for a moment to the worm: it is quite true he does twist in all directions when on the hook, but hold him by the head or tail with the finger and thumb, he would twist just the same, so I consider his doing so as efforts to escape, not the writhings of agony.

It would be most fallacious to attribute the same sensibility of feeling to all animals, but the agony occasioned by intense pain is, no doubt, the same in all, the difference only being, that what occasions acute pain to one, does not to the other; the stroke

of the jockey whip that will raise an ostensible wale on the fine skin of the race-horse, would leave no mark, or probably be little felt, on the thick hide of the ass; but this in no way proves the last-mentioned patient and ill-used animal is not as sensible to suffering as the former, if *that* is done which brings on suffering to either, or rather both.

I conceive the sensibility to pain depends much on the state of the nervous system; and without attempting or intending to trespass on pathological causes or effects, I conclude the sensibility of that nervous system is influenced a good deal by the state of health and spirits; in some proof of which, I believe it is fact, that invalids will often undergo a severe operation with less complaint of pain than the person in rude health; so I conceive that a great deal of the insensibility to whip or spur usually exhibited by the ass, does not wholly arise from thickness of skin, but that from the absence of any thing like generous and stimulating diet from his birth, and this, accompanied by severe drudgery and constant brutal usage, brings the nervous system of the

animal to an all but torpid state. In some proof of my hypothesis, we often see an ass in some of the London costermongers' carts, trotting or cantering along with all the willingness and energy of the horse. That this is not produced by sheer severity or unmerciful flagellation alone, is certain, for the usually badly-fed ass would sulk, lie down, or die, before he could be induced to make such exertion; his spirit is broken, his energy, his constitution weakened, and, under such circumstances, apathy of the whole corporal system, as well as that of the mental, follows.

Among the most flagrant of the cruelties and abuses that our legislature for a long time permitted to exist, that of allowing dogs to be used as draught animals, was one of the most abominable. The value of the horse, if it is only five pounds, is some check on the inhumanity of the inhuman; that of the ass also; for though a sovereign is about the average price of an ordinary one, it is not so with those we frequently see used in London. I offered a man five pounds for one for a lady's little carriage, and increased my offer to six, and it was refused; but

he went as freely as a pony, and much faster than many of them. There was, however, a singularity about this animal and harness not often met with—the man drove him with a curb bit, and assured me he pulled very unpleasantly with a snaffle. I could not help smiling at the idea of a donkey wanting a curb; but I saw, on his being set going, that it really was the case. I did not think half-a-crown badly bestowed on a man who kept his animal in such vigour and spirits.

The unhappy dogs used in carts, had little protection from their value; half of them were stolen, and the others probably bought for a shilling or two. I have heard it asked, in defence of the practice, why dogs should not labour for their living as well as other animals? The answer is easy: all that ought to *live* do give an equivalent for their support; the sporting dog works hard during the season for his; the guardian of our premises, if he keeps a vigilant eye and ear to the protection of our lives and property, very far more than earns his; and such as are kept as pets for their beauty, are not often of a class

possessing strength enough for labour. There are certainly some dogs possessing none of these attributes and perfections: we will dispose of such as quickly here as they ought to be disposed of, when and where found. Such worthless animals ought never to be born, and if born, should be put out of the way while puppies. Some ultra advocate for equality, and the rights of all classes, may say the cottager has as great a right to keep his cur, as the squire his hound: no man can deny the truth of such aphorism in its broad acceptation; and, indeed, if the cur guards or keeps watch for his master, cur though he be, he *is* useful, and *he* even earns his keep. The law being now against dogs being used in draught, has in the minds of some thrown merit on the heads of legislators, on the score of humanity to the brute creation: of such commendation in this case they do not deserve a particle, nor much, indeed, in any other, as to laws to effectually protect dumb animals. The dog-cart nuisance, as it was called, was put a stop to, not from any ideas of humanity to the dumb animals, but to the talking ones; it was thought that the work conduced to hydro-

phobia; and most certainly the dog-carts frightened horses on the road. Had these two objections never been made, the dogs might have worked on till doomsday before their cause would have been taken up; and even when the question of stopping the nuisance was discussed, more than one member defended it; we will hope, whoever they were that did so, that it arose from a cause, corroborative proof of the truth of what I have asserted, namely, that many animals suffer much from people being ignorant of how and where they do suffer.

I perceive I have frequently made use of the word ignorance in the foregoing sheets, and I feel some apology necessary for having done so; I in no way mean it offensively, but as a short term, to express want of practical knowledge of particular causes and effects.

There are few, if any, services to which animals are applied, in which they suffer more from the want of knowledge of those using them, than they do in ordinary draught; it is quite true, that if, by bad construction of carriages, or the bad application of harness, we only enable an animal to draw (say) eighteen

hundred instead of twenty-five, the loss of the seven hundred falls on the owner; and the animal is only on a par in point of exertion with the other, who draws the twenty-five; but if, under such disadvantages, we force the animal to draw the twenty-five, then it is manifest the loss, or rather suffering, falls upon the horse, and most cruelly do draught animals suffer from such causes. Some persons may not be aware that the trifling neglect of a pair of wheels being comparatively dry, or well oiled, will cause twenty miles to take far more out of a horse, than would forty in the latter case; yet wheels absolutely screaming from dryness, are often seen and heard attached to carts and waggons, and thus would the ignorant beast in human form let them scream till he had finished his journey's end, or his day's work, though his horses were drawing from such cause at least one ton in four of resistance more than they would by the defect being attended to. Horses suffer most severely from ill-fitting collars; if too small, they press on the wind-pipe, producing a sensation of half strangulation; and here, in proof of this, I will mention a

short anecdote, not redounding greatly to the credit of my precaution or foresight.

During a visit to a friend, I had a deal with him in the horse way; he took a fancy to a nearly thoroughbred horse I had driven to his house in my dog-cart; we made an exchange, I taking, in part of payment, a monstrous animal, he had by him; big he was, as an ordinary dray horse, yet a fast trotter. On leaving the house I inadvertently did not take the trouble of investigating how my harness fitted this Goliah. About a mile on the road, there was a steep and very sandy hill; about half way up it the great Elephant gave a stagger, and down he rolled on his side; I guessed he was choked, and on looking at the collar I found it was fully three inches too short for him; my knife applied to its top soon altered that; and, letting down the hames, he trotted home gaily his twenty five miles: now, had he not fell, possibly I should have driven the poor beast home half strangled all the distance.

The opposite to this is, collars being too long, or wide, for the neck; in such cases they are certain to

gall most grievously; and here should any one, not conversant with such matters, find his horse's shoulders or neck wrung, and be told that if the collar is smaller it will not go over the animal's head, I apprise him that such may very probably be fact; but the remedy is easy; such a horse must be worked in what is termed an "open collar," that is, one open at its apex, and to be kept together by a buckle and strap. If any one not attending to the keeping his horse's shoulders sound, will put a sharp bit of gravel in his shoe and walk twenty miles, he will then be a competent judge of what a horse suffers worked with sore shoulders.

At one time I had above fifty stage-coach horses to attend to. On taking to them, at least every third horse had very badly cut neck or shoulders; by a little attention to their collars, in two months there was scarcely a touched shoulder among the whole stock. Neglect in this particular is quite inexcusable; for though ignorance does away with the charge of intentional cruelty, people should take care *not* to be ignorant in matters that concern the com-

fort, or its reverse, the suffering, of any living thing under their control.

One might naturally suppose that a man who had driven a cart all his life, would know in what way his horses worked with the most comfort and advantage; and no doubt, however obtuse might be his faculty of mind, he would get to know this, if he ever troubled his head about the matter; but he does not. As one proof of the utter and enduring ignoranceof such men, and the inattention and carelessness of their masters, it is no uncommon thing to see a very *tall* horse put between the shafts of a cart, and a *low* one before him; the consequence is, the latter creates an absolute load to be borne on the back of the shaft horse, and, of course, the more vigorously the leader draws, the greater the weight he pulls on the back of his companion. We will call the nearly

horizontal line *a* the shaft of the cart, the perpendicular one *b* the shaft-horse's back-band, and the declining one *c* the front horse's trace; the pressure on the back

of the hind horse becomes apparent to any one. To be really an efficacious assistant, the traces of the leading horse should draw sufficiently horizontally to produce no pressure at all on the shaft horse's back. It may be asked how this is to be remedied? There are two ways, either of which will of course do it: put a lower horse behind, or a higher one in front. But it may be said, the owner has but these two animals, so he cannot make a proper change; we will endeavour to help him out of his dilemma. The shafts of a cart with a tall horse in them, always elevate from the hinder part of them to the point, and of course the taller the animal the greater will be the elevation: unless the back-band is linked conveniently long, add four or five feet of chain to the leading horse's traces. The different effect of this I can shew in three drawn lines like the former, but with an additional one to

shew the difference: the lower line *a* shews the trace lengthened, by a small bit of chain, *b*, say twelve inches long, going to the shaft, to support the additional

lengthening of the trace: *c* shows the original draught of the trace. The alteration is simple enough for a child to make, in fact, as a temporary measure, any bit of strong rope would do as a lengthening; but simple as this is, yet hundreds would daily work horses for years under such disadvantage as I have shewn. I have pointed out this very circumstance to many carters, and indeed owners; the ordinary reply has been, "They've always worked so," or, "It don't matter." It certainly does not matter to the two-legged animal, who drives the four-footed ones; but it matters greatly to them, and indeed to their masters, if they gave it proper consideration. For if any labour is undertaken by man or beast, if he does it under disadvantage, one or more, or all of the following results must accrue: either the work will be badly done, a considerable amount of useless time will be expended in performing it, or a great and unnecessary expenditure of animal labour will be used in doing it. In either case loss occurs; if it takes place in either of the two first circumstances, the effect is seen at once, if in the last, possibly it is not seen at the time; but nature

will assert her rights, and if the animal powers she has given are unduly taxed, time will shew they have been so. If, from bad management of any sort, three days' work are made to comprise the labour of four, a breaking up of constitution, infirmity of wind or limb, or both, and premature old age, will tell the tale of the abuse of animal power. Unfortunately for the animal, the havoc made is usually too gradual to awaken the attention of the careless or unfeeling; but the day of reckoning must come, and it will then be seen that over-taxed exertion will tell on the suffering living machine, as much as increased use will on the wheel of the inanimate machine he draws.

Many persons are by no means aware of the vast increase of animal labour caused by ill-constructed vehicles of any sort. It holds good with the large road waggon, the brewer's dray, the stage coach, and the gentleman's vehicle, in nearly an equal degree. In each, balance, leverage, and absence of unnecessary friction, render them fitted, or the reverse, to their destined purpose; it is true, we neither want ease to the passenger, nor adaptation to velocity of motion in the cart or dray, but it is

wanted to carry its ton or two of load, with the least possible exertion to the animals drawing such a weight; and if, on the other hand, in lighter carriages we do not want that perfection, we want another, namely, facility of draught in fast work. On facility of draught in carriages, mainly depends the well-doing or annihilation of the draught horse; and whether he walks three miles an hour, drawing twenty-five hundreds, or trots fifteen, drawing three, each in his different way performs his labour with more or less difficulty, in accordance with the advantage or disadvantage under which he does it.

To use a technical term, the "following well" of carriages was, perhaps, of even greater importance many years back, than it is since M'Adam literally "came to the rescue" of horses; for bad indeed must be the vehicle that, on our present roads, does not follow well, that is on level ground, but in hilly countries the difference between carriages is still very great.

One of the parts of a carriage which calls for the minutest inspection and attention, is its axles; we may figuratively call them the vitality of motion in vehicles.

There are now so many persons who can make

first-rate axles, that it would be invidious to particularize; but, undoubtedly, to Messrs. Collinge we are indebted for the first that approached perfection. A word or two on their axles, and others on their principle, may, I trust, be allowable here. In these the arm, box, caps, nuts, and screws, fit to a hair's breadth, consequently no rattle or, in more technical term, "chattering" is heard; they run nearly as true as anything in mechanism can do, and the smallest particle of oil is sufficient to prevent friction; such are the only axles fit for London use. It may be asked, then why not for country use? this requires a little explanation. In these days we seldom get into a place, in Great Britain, where we are not within a few miles of some town in which some intelligent workmen are not to be found; formerly this was not the case, and then we should have found that such superior axles as Collinge's were not to be trusted in common blacksmith's or wheelwright's hands; but why they are so peculiarly adapted to London use is, their perfect steadiness and firmness; the roughest pavement produces no noise from them, which is not the case with ordinary ones.

For country use, if a man wishes to avoid all trouble or attention in a trip of a month's duration, let him by all means use Collinge's axles; but I am not quite certain but in cross country roads, where a little play of the wheel on its axis is desirable, but that the plain axle is the best; but then it must not be an ordinary made one, but one turned so truly, and so well polished, that a microscope could scarcely detect the slightest deviation from perfect truth in its formation, the box of course fitting with equal trueness; such an axle, with proper washers, and well oiled, I should say, on the whole, would run freer than even Collinge's: but then they require constant attention, as to keeping them well supplied with oil or the best of grease. I may be wrong, but for a match cart I should take such an axle in preference to one of Collinge's; a kid glove may fit too closely to the skin to feel perfectly easy in its use; I am not satisfied but a wheel, or rather axle, its caps, and box, may do the same, though my idea may possibly be incorrect. A person may say, "I know nothing about axles, so it would be of no use my

looking to my own;" possibly not, but a coach-maker's man does; so if, before starting on a trip, you have your wheels examined, and do the same thing at proper intervals during your journey, it may cost a very few shillings, but, depend on it, you save much more in the wear and tear of your horse or horses, independent of the satisfaction of not causing them perfectly useless exertion.

It is the same by collars, on which I have made some remarks; an owner may not know whether a collar fits or not, but a collar-maker does, so there is no excuse for cutting a poor brute's neck or shoulders, from ignorance in collars. If a lady deputed some one to see if her carriage horses' shoulders were galled or not, and was told they were, she would, in nine cases in ten, act with perfect justice in dismissing her coachman; and if she was told that anything about her carriage or harness acted disadvantageously to her horses, I should say dismiss him at once; he is either careless, has no regard for his horses, or knows little of his business.

Another circumstance, often arising from want of knowledge, or combination of ideas, respecting the treatment of horses, is a cause of frequent most cruel suffering to them—this is the keeping them too much stinted in their allowance of water. A man, be he master or servant, hears that hunters are kept from water on hunting mornings, or, at least, only get a very small quantity, which is certainly the case, he therefore infers that his horse will perform his journey better from undergoing the same deprivation: such a man is one of those persons I before alluded to, as thinking once, but not oftener—if he did, he would see the absurdity of holding the two cases similar ones: he forgets that the hunter's work is in a cool, perhaps cold season of the year, and that a burst of two or perhaps only one hour's duration on a winter's day, is a very different thing to being exposed to a burning sun during a day's journey in July or August. If I contemplated, on a winter's day, or in the cool of early morning of a summer's one, to drive a fast horse a twenty mile stage in something like an hour and a half, I should certainly

keep him as short of water on that morning as I should the hunter; but for ordinary harness pace this is quite unnecessary. In fact, if we drive a horse during the hot hours of the day, he should have, water frequently, not in large quantities at a time for many reasons; but certainly, under such exposure to heat, no horse should be driven more than at most a couple of hours without water, and the best way of giving it, so as to make a small quantity refresh him, and slake his thirst, is first to well sponge his nostrils, nose, and lips, gently sponge his eyes also, and then give him a couple of quarts of water in a wooden bowl; this is better than letting him see a pailful, take a few go downs, and then have a lout of an ostler either hitting him to make him lift his head out of the pail, or by taking it from him, put the thirsty animal in the situation of Tantalus. After giving him one bowlful, which, finding he has emptied, he parts with willingly, let him stand a minute or two; a mouthful of hay is in such cases of more advantage than most persons may think, and it is so for a reason that probably does not strike them; it is not given because the animal wants food

—if he did, a mouthful or two of hay would be little to the purpose—but chewing brings saliva to the mouth, which exercise in hot weather renders unpleasantly dry. Having consumed his handful or two of hay, if another bowl of water is given him, his thirst will be as completely slaked as it would have been had he been permitted to swallow, with the greediness of thirst, the best part of a bucketful, the effect of which would probably be chill, and not improbably griping. But hunters are not wholly debarred from water even on hunting mornings, though formerly they were so. When hounds hunted at day break, and a horse had been watered over night, he could do very well with only his mouth being, in stable term, "washed out" in the morning; but when not expected to exert himself before eleven o'clock, a small quantity at six becomes necessary. Even race horses get a little, early in the morning, on the day of running; but, as I before said, there is little similarity between the treatment necessary for the hunter and race horse, and that of the one only used for road purposes.

I have been desired in this essay, if so I may call it, to allude to the cruelty, as it was termed when speaking of it to me, of confining a horse by the bearing rein. It is going a little too far to call it by such name, though formerly, when both bearing and gag rein were used, it very nearly amounted to it. A most absurd practice it was; it certainly gave show horses, like those used in London carriages, an imposing appearance; still it was false taste. Heads may be carried too high with horses as well as men, and the doing it produces no good result in either; with the horse there is a certain place or position of the neck and head, that is in unison with true symmetry, and the same degree of elevation does not accord with the general carriage of every horse; therefore, without reference to the feelings or annoyance of the animal, we should in some cases defeat our own intentions by putting him to the inconvenience, indeed pain, of a very tight gag. Others, from dead mouths and want of animation, would, without some restraint in the shape of a bearing rein, bore so much on the driver's arms as to be quite intolerable,

and their general carriage would be such as to render them all but worthless where appearance is a consideration; again, a few would lean so heavily upon their collar as to make them work very unhandily; so in the management of horses, as well as men, we must be guided by circumstances. This is, however, quite certain, no horse that will go at all pleasantly, or as he ought to go, without a bearing rein, should ever, in ordinary situations, be driven with one.

It would be by no means an unfair conclusion, that the horse or any other animal would naturally carry himself in such way as he found the most convenient and agreeable to himself. We might, however, be led into error by such premises, plausible as they appear. That horse or man, left to their own impulse, may carry themselves in the way that appears to them, or really is, the most convenient to them at *the time*, is, I dare say, the case, but it by no means follows it is the best or most advantageous mode for them to use; it is the most so at the time, but it being so (if it is not really the best), arises from their not knowing of

a better. I will bring forward a case I conceive to be in point.

We will suppose a man to be fond of walking, yet has a lounging, dwelling, inelastic step, or, on the other hand, steps with the petit pas of a Frenchwoman on some of their roughly-paved streets; people might say, depend on it he walks in the way most easy to himself. Such idea, natural as it seems, would be a very erroneous conclusion—he only walks with a gait that is the best till he is taught a better: put him under Westhall, Smith, Mayne, Newman, and other professional walkers, they would soon alter his style of carriage and step, and his rate of going also: to his great surprise, he would find they would teach him to cover six miles of ground or more in an hour, with no more exertion than he before used in completing five. What, then, becomes of the idea of a man himself best knowing the most advantageous way in which he can walk, or indeed do anything else?

I will instance another case. We find a ploughman with a heavy laboured step, we enlist him, send him

to drill: even in a few months he is absolutely transmuted; no one would recognise the plodding loon in the smart soldier; he now walks with a firm and graceful step, steps the earth as if the earth belonged to him, not as if he was a mere part and particle of its clay, half moulded into human form, yet such a few months before he showed: doubtless he found the drill somewhat irksome, but it transformed the mere animated lump of earth into a form, the prototype of the sculptor's study.

It is pretty much the same with horses, as regards bearing reins. The naturalist might say, look at a horse in his natural state: unless when excited by fear, or some other impulse of equal influence, the position of his head is little more than horizontal with his body, often much lower. Such, no doubt, is the fact, but he learns this from constantly feeding from the ground; it becomes a habit, and in a state of nature it answers his purpose; but it by no means proves it would be an advantageous style of carriage, when he is not compelled to pick his food from the ground. To show that it really is only acquired

from habit, any one who has had opportunity, or has taken the trouble of observing a horse accustomed to have his food provided for him, must have seen that if such animal is turned to grass, he makes a very awkward business of getting at the herbage, in fact, stooping is painful to him; and this shows that making him carry himself handsomely, if he is taught to do so by degrees, and gentle means, shortly becomes as easy and natural to him as going in an unsightly, slovenly manner. It is sophism to bring forward what an animal may do in a state of nature, as a guide for what he is to do when taken from that state; teaching the horse intended for ordinary purposes to do them in a way in which those purposes ought to be performed, is only submitting him to the ordeal of the recruit I have alluded to; his quantum of inconvenience during it will depend on the patience, good sense, and good temper of his teacher; it need not be made in any way painful to him, though daily observation and experience oblige us to admit with regret that it is often rendered so in a most unjustifiable degree; but this does not arise from the

cruelty of his being taught, but from the ignorance, want of temper, or brutality of him who teaches.

We have taken the hint of driving without bearing reins from our continental neighbours; with them all diligence, post, and cart horses, work without them; but it must be admitted that these horses go in any form they please, and we often see three horses abreast, one carrying himself like a pig, another like a horse, and the third like a giraffe. The indiscriminate abolition of the bearing rein is as absurd as its indiscriminate use; for a tolerably long experience in driving all sorts of horses, singly, doubly, and four together, quite convinces me, though a decided advocate for not using a bearing rein, when it can be dispensed with, that there are many horses who will work with less fatigue to themselves by being kept a little together by its use, than if allowed to roll along just as they please without one.

This brings me to the supposed undeniable cruelty of sharp bits. Now, with submission to better authority, I venture to deny that the using a sharp bit is cruelty; their indiscriminate use would be, not

that the most delicate mouth in a harness horse need be wounded or hurt by one, but their general use would be cruel, because the hands of the generality of men would make them so; a sharp bit in light hands prevents horses getting into a lounging, dwelling step, that fatigues them; a horse may be allowed to go as much at his ease with a sharp bit in his mouth, as with an easier one; this depends on the driver. Now this would not hold good as regards the hunter; he could not do his business if ridden on a bit that would be severe to him, though it may be necessary to have one in his mouth to have recourse to on occasion; and why a harness horse can go with a severe bit in his mouth (and that the only one), and the hunter cannot, is easily explained.

The hunter crosses all sorts of countries, (that is, ground,) has to surmount all sorts of obstacles; from this arises the necessity of his making all sorts of exertion to enable him to do so; these often require sudden extension of neck and head, which he requires to be able to make quicker than the rider can often anticipate: any check in doing this would pre-

vent his performing that which produces safety to the rider and himself, would bring him into danger, instead of allowing him to get over it, and not improbably would also bring him on his nose: the sudden motions of the head and exertions of the body and limbs, that the hunter is compelled to use to go safely, are so frequent and so sudden that the best hands in the world, if they rode a horse on a bit severe to his particular mouth, could not avoid giving him checks that would not only produce danger, but probably fatal results.

The driver has no such call on his attention, nor has the harness horse occasion for such diversified exertion. With the difference of hill or level, his work and action is uniform; the driver is on a steady seat, and it is only by having bad hands, that with ever so severe a bit, he need injure his horse's mouth by it. If a driver has such bad hands as many have, he is not to be trusted with a severe bit to use; if he has a bad temper, for humanity sake never let him use one; for the slightest offence of his horse, even a false step, that the animal could not prevent making,

would no doubt be followed by a snatch at the bit, that would produce comparative torture, for merely an unavoidable occurrence. In fact, a bad-tempered, passionate man, ought not to be trusted with a horse, any animal, or anything but a halter, which, if he consulted the good of society, he would know where to apply.

Clipping, I have heard the advocates for "nature's clothing" consider an improper deprivation to the horse. As many horses are used that have undergone this operation, I quite concur with such in opinion, though, under certain circumstances, and when used for certain purposes, it is one of the greatest comforts to the horse that has ever come into use as applied to him; but like bearing reins, sharp bits, and indeed every thing, if indiscriminately applied, must in some cases prove highly prejudicial; and here let me caution owners of horses not to trust too much to the suggestions of those employed in the care of them; these will all, to a man, recommend having horses clipped, and their recommendation of its being done arises solely from its saving them trouble. An owner

would therefore do well, if he wishes his horses to do so, to turn in his mind the purpose he wants them for. If as hunters with fox or stag hounds, as steeple-chase horses, or even race horses, if from some extraordinary circumstances such horses are long in their coats, clip or singe them (which is often preferable) by all means. If as hacks for fast work, such as those ridden by veterinary surgeons, jockeys, dealers, clip them also. Horses used for the park, or a ride about London, may be clipped—it makes them look neat and fine in their coats; the same by carriage horses used only for a drive, and then "home;" I do not hesitate in saying that nearly every stage coach horse should undergo this process; and in fact, I am quite clear that their thriving, more by far than pays the trifling expense of it. Post horses stand in the same category. But if the use to which horses are put requires their standing about and waiting, exposed to cold rain and wind, clipping is death to them; it is then cruelty—for they are comfortless, indeed miserable, till their coat grows again, or the warm weather comes. Horses will not thrive if they are

cold. If a lady keeps her carriage horses waiting about for her shopping, or at parties, it is cruel to deprive them of defence against such unfair usage. Her coachman may wish it done, but it would be laying the foundation for all sorts of ailments to permit it, unless the owner makes up her mind to alter her usual practice, one certainly not to be commended under any circumstances. Ladies must excuse me if I remark that a predilection for constant and daily shopping lays them open to the suspicion of not possessing minds of a very high order. It may further be supposed that their taste and judgment soars no higher than bijouterie or dress; it may still further be supposed to be a mere mode of killing time, for those whose attainments are not of a character to enable them to pass that time in higher, more praiseworthy, more to be admired, or more elegant pursuits.

The lady who orders her carriage at two, to take her from a ball, and then keeps it waiting till four o'clock, shews that the fascination of a scene that pleases the eye only, has so firm a hold of a weak

mind that she cannot tear herself from its influence; and keeping servants and horses shivering in the cold, merely to prolong a gratification she may enjoy at any time, evinces a want of consideration for the feelings of others, that places her in anything but the amiable light in which so fair a being as woman should ever be regarded. The frivolous of the other sex may think otherwise: let such herd with kindred minds and think as they please; woman, with her usual attributes, would be contaminated by their praise or admiration, and, let us hope, would turn away with contempt from the expression of it.

In conclusion of clipping: in this, as in many other things in which the welfare and comfort of animals are involved, a want of knowledge of effects often leads to much suffering to them; and a want of consideration, as to whether they will or will not lead to such, occasions a great deal more. If we are not bound to know, we most certainly are so to consider; and if we are aware we cannot trust to the correctness of any opinion or decision consideration may lead to, I

hold it positively a moral duty, as well as an act of humanity, not to be neglected, that we get good advice and information as a guide to any decision or act in which humanity is concerned.

We will now turn our attention to where vanity sometimes occasions suffering, where there is not ignorance to plead in palliation of such effects.

There are various kinds of vanity, some reprehensible, others puerile, and others, again, highly commendable; in the latter cases we usually give it some other appellation—it is, however, virtually, still vanity. Vanity may make, and has made, many a man a hero—it is then termed a love of glory, or a thirst for fame; thirsting for fame, twist and turn it as you will, is but a wish for vanity to be gratified; vanity has more claim on our notice, and sometimes commendation, than is usually awarded to it. I am aware that pride and vanity are quite distinct in themselves, though often united in one person; but to be vain of doing a thing, or to be proud of it, come in very close affinity, though they may, and do, convey a different idea of the person feeling them,

and also of the act done. Vanity has made many a man go through life with a fair character, whose disposition and principles, but for the vanity of being spoken highly of, would have induced a widely different conduct; such a man would not feel *proud* of having acted honourably, because his innate principle does not induce him to really prize such conduct, but his *vanity* is gratified by being spoken of as a man of honour. If, therefore, vanity can, and certainly does, often produce such effects, my opinion is somewhat borne out, that we owe a good deal at times to its influence.

The vanity of possessing beautiful and valuable animals, is not only harmless but commendable, as encouraging the propagation and rearing of such as are so; but in the use, or rather abuse, of them there is with some persons an affectation and vanity, that is as much the reverse, as it should be beneath, the feeling of a manly mind and sensible man.

This affectation I have seen evinced where we should have least expected its exhibition; as it appeared, or was shown, among a class of men

not usually addicted to such puerile conduct, but the generality of whom would experience a feeling of contempt for the exhibitor of it. I have seen it in the hunting field. To feel a certain pride in being the possessor of a stud, be it small or large, of fine horses, those fine performers, and in fine condition, is natural and perfectly allowable; it shews a man has taste and judgment, at all events, in one of the pursuits he engages in; but this is widely different from affectation, which I have seen shewn in a manner unpleasing to others, and producing very unnecessary distress to horses. There can be no doubt but that very superior animals can perform the same task with much greater ease to themselves, and far more to their riders, than inferior ones—that is, inferior in the qualifications wanted for such task, be its nature what it may; that of the hunter is a difficult and arduous one, and he certainly is entitled to all the assistance we can afford him in his performance of it. All hunting men have seen the extraordinary way in which many horses, of quite a second-class character, will

carry *some* men, though with others on their backs they would not probably live half through a chase; this arises from the exercise of judgment, and proper assistance on the part of the rider. It is true, very superior horses will do without this; but, if the inferior animal is enabled to perform his part by the aid of such judgment and assistance, it plainly shews that if it was afforded to the superior one, he would perform his part with greater ease to himself. "My horses want no help;" "I would not ride a horse that gave me any trouble;" or "If a horse cannot take care of himself he won't do for me;" this is all contemptible affectation and ridiculous bombast. No horse, if of a generous spirit, can, or at least will, take care of himself; and if he is a slug, he is not fit to carry a gentleman. The refusal of taking a little trouble, to save a good horse distress, evinces, first, puerile, and at the same time domineering, pride and affectation; secondly, pitiable indolence, or the affected assumption of it; and thirdly, selfish feeling and want of humanity; we laugh at, while we look with contempt on such conduct in the

very young, but we turn from it with disgust when shewn by the man of maturer years.

Many a good horse have I seen going with hounds under much distress from the sheer affectation of his master sitting down on his seat, riding with a loose rein, and pretending to take a burst as coolly, and as much at his ease, as a canter up Rotten Row. Many a brother sportsman has seen the same thing, and, I suspect, when they did see it, came to about the same conclusion as myself, that a man assuming such style, instead of (as he wished to do) calling forth the envy or admiration of others, only proved, that if he owned better horses, he also owned weaker brains than most other men out; and further, I never knew such a man generally liked.

I have, in a prior part of this essay, stated how much disappointment, loss, and mortification, occurs in racing matters from a want of knowledge and practice in them, particularly in the riding part of the business; and in this part, vanity often produces pretty much the same effect. It would seem there is some peculiar charm in putting on a silk jacket,

for I hardly ever knew a non-professional rider who was not emulous of such display; and though it may be thought that "a saint in silk is twice a saint in lawn," we may conclude that many think "a man in cloth is twice a man in silk." I think I might safely bet odds, that let a man, not much in the habit of riding races, be engaged in one, he will be seen on his hack, with his ordinary coat and waistcoat so arranged as to shew a portion of the silk under it; this is merely a little childish, and men more accustomed to such things would only smile at it. Not so harmless, however, are the results of vanity as regards the riding, and, consequently, the horse they ride. There are ladies in the stand, probably friends and acquaintance of the gentleman jockey; he wishes them to see him take the lead on starting, so take it he will, be it judicious or not. as regards his horse and the race. Should that be "twice round," my life on it, if possible, he will pass the stand first; this creates a momentary feeling in him somewhat bordering on triumph, his fair friends wave their handkerchiefs, and in their inno-

cence fancy their friend has all but the race in hand; but, to make success appear still more certain, he is seen still leading when only a few hundred yards from home; a little further, to his horror and dismay, he hears, and most probably *he* looks round and sees, a professional stealing on him; whip and spurs immediately go to work as a matter of course; seeing this, whatever the professional or *practised* gentleman jock (whichever it may be) might have felt before, he now books the race safe; a few strides more he brings his horse alongside, gives him a professional shake, and wins as he likes. It is, however, some consolation to our defeated jockey, that the ladies tell him "he rode beautifully, that he had beat them all till the last fifty yards, when that nasty horse and the man in that hideous black jacket and white cap won!"

In riding a steeple-chase vanity has nearly similar effect, but worse, for it induces the going on with a horse in dire distress, for no other purpose than fancying it less mortifying to be fifth or sixth than quite out of "the ruck;" the practised rider, and

sensible man, if he finds he cannot be first or second, does not care a whit whether he is fifth or last. In the latter case he walks his horse composedly in; his personal vanity is not hurt, he is conscious he did all that could be done for, and was proper to do with, his horse; feels he is known as a good rider, and if he has any vanity it would be more gratified by it being allowed he had ridden a losing race well, than a winning one where it was seen the goodness of his horse had carried him through in spite of bad riding.

It is quite true that the best of riders will often persevere with a horse they feel to be dead beat; but when they do, it is usually under something like the following circumstance. The leading horse is, we will say, a couple of hundred yards a-head, the second, best part of a hundred behind him; to attempt to catch either with a tired horse would of course be the act of an idiot or a madman; but there being only two a head, and all the rest behind, such are the casualties of steeple-chasing, that the third keeps on (but nursing his horse all the way);

for a fall, going the wrong side a flag, being short of weight, or many other things, might, if such happened to both, give him the race, and if it occurred to one, it would give him second place, by which, in most cases, he would save his stake; but if four or five were before him, any man of sense would at once pull up when he found his chance was out, for precarious as is steeple-chasing, the odds against mishap to so many would be too great to be contemplated; a very silly youth might, and would, probably severely distress his horse to get as near as he could, and very likely lay him up for a season by so doing, get laughed at for his folly, and very properly censured for his inhumanity.

Numerous cases might be brought forward where a foolish vanity often occasions much distress to horses: but the proposed limits of this book will only permit one or two to be stated as samples.

We often see persons with a poor, weak and tired animal in harness, urging him on to keep pace with that of another, possessed of strength, speed, and high condition; and such persons seem to think

that if by an improper and merciless application of the whip, they force the poor brute to keep pace with the superior horse, they have the same credit awarded them for possessing a valuable animal as the man who is taken along cheerfully, willingly, and without apparent effort, on the part of his horse. Contemptible, cruel, and evincing the lowest of all vanity is such proceeding; constantly as we see it, its only extenuation is, that ignorance (also of the lowest order) is usually combined with it.

In riding we often see very similar conduct pursued: we will suppose a man of moderate weight, say eleven stone, and a good rider, is trotting merrily along on a clever hack, quite up to his weight, at the rate of twelve miles an hour; some other whose personal weight is fourteen, and perhaps, as bad a rider as the other is a good one; the latter's emulation is excited, and without one thought of the different effect of the difference of weight, and still less of the difference of good and bad hands and seat, he forces his panting over-loaded animal along at the same rate as the other: he exhibits precisely

the same qualities as the man alluded to, in driving, namely, low and foolish vanity and ignorance, to which may be added, (if not contemplated) at least (wanton) cruelty.

There is no doubt, but that the present state of our roads has in a general way wonderfully lessened the labour of horses; but this relief, like that of cheap provisions, may be done away with under certain circumstances. If a man can get good wages as his hire, he benefits greatly. If provisions are half their former price, and he gets two thirds of his former hire, he still greatly benefits; if he only gets half, he is where he would have been as to his living years ago; but if he does not get half, he is starving, though he sees plenty around him. The horse is in a somewhat similar position; if we make the load he draws, or carries, and the pace we urge him to, greater than the improved state of the roads is an equivalent for, he is a sufferer, instead of gainer, by the improvement; and I fear that among the avaricious, the ignorant, the vain, thoughtless, and the brutal, this is frequently the case; for where one

person thinks of, or appreciates the goodness of roads, from the pleasing gratification of knowing his animal is working with comparative ease, hundreds only hail the circumstance as enabling them to transport a greater load, and get from one place to another with increased rapidity. Those, therefore, who have any proper consideration for their faithful, willing, but dumb servants, should bear in mind, that there are limits to the advantages of good roads, as regards the exertion of the animal; if these are exceeded by unreasonable weight, or pace, such advantage is rendered an infliction, instead of a boon.

In alluding to the pace, that is, rate of speed, that we may call on an animal to perform, I must occupy a small space explanatory of its nature and effects. There are, I will say, four leading causes of distress, or only fair exertion, to horses, as relates to pace or speed; the weight he has to draw, or carry; the pace demanded as regards his capability of speed, his being in a proper or improper state to perform that pace, and the description of ground (that is, its being firm and smooth, or the reverse) over which he goes.

Having been personally somewhat celebrated (or known, would be a more proper term) as an owner of fast horses in their various ways, the reader need anticipate no censure from me as regards any reasonable fast pace, under proper circumstances, and in proper situations. I will first allude to weight. If a man in a very light and well-constructed gig, with a very fast horse, in high condition, has occasion to go thirteen miles, or a trifle more, and is pressed for time, such a horse, under such advantages and a fine and moderately level road, will perform that distance in the hour without any severe distress; but if another person in an ordinary phaeton and four passengers attempted the same thing, he would, in nineteen cases in twenty, fail in doing it, and in each case would be guilty of great cruelty, and produce great distress and suffering to his horse.

If a man has a horse whose action and animal powers make ten miles an hour the top of his trotting speed, he will distress him severely by keeping him up to that, though the pace is not in itself an unreasonable one. Distress to the horse must not be

estimated by the number of miles performed in a given time, but by the natural or acquired speed of the horse performing it; top speed in any pace, in man or beast, must produce distress, the severity of that depending on the duration of the exertion; a walk at top speed distresses as much as a run; for instance, a man, I mean a professional pedestrian, is as much distressed by walking seven miles within the hour as by running ten in the same time; and many a horse that would gallop eighteen miles within one hour with comparative ease, would be dead tired in trotting twenty in two; if a bad goer in his trotting pace.

I will now state where mistaken intentional *kindness* would produce a result quite different to the humane wishes of the person shewing such. We will suppose a person to have a horse a fair goer, that is, can do his twelve miles in the hour in a light vehicle; he wishes to drive eighteen, in a hot day, and kindly determines to drive it as slow as foot can fall; the consequence is, his horse is kept under a broiling sun, and with the dust hovering about him,

for three hours; he comes in half baked, choked with dust, and in a perfect state of lassitude, from the intense heat. Such a horse would perform the journey with less inconvenience, if he did the nine miles in about an hour, had his mouth washed out and cooled, and got the distance over in two, and for these reasons: he would meet a current of air while going; the other would all along, from the slow pace feel as if standing in a hot bake-house, with no air at all; increased perspiration, which increased pace, would produce, carries off that internal and external burning heat, that is so distressing, and likely to produce fever to man or beast; a fair pace leaves the dust behind, instead of the animal being choked with it, and heat bearable for two hours becomes all but insupportable in three; but let the reader bear in mind I premise what I say by supposing him to have a horse to whom nine miles an hour is not a distressing pace; if he has one to whom it would be, so ungifted an animal must be content to be half baked ere he arrives at his journey's end. Against what I have said, a lady, or a very fat, inactive man, might

urge, "If I walk slowly in a hot day I can get on, but if I was to walk four miles in the hour, I should drop;" no doubt such might be the case, and, for the reason I have stated, top speed always distresses, and four miles an hour would be top speed to either. But Westhall the pedestrian, who can walk considerably over seven miles in an hour, would much rather walk four miles in that time on a dusty road, and under a hot sun, and get out of both quickly, than he would be compelled to endure both for two hours in performing such distance; let me hope, therefore, that what I have said may have some influence on some persons, in inducing them to appropriate pace to circumstances, and the capabilities of the animal they use, and not to their own ideas, wishes, or to what they see other persons with other animals perform; for as regards pace, if we judge from analogy, we must, to do so with propriety, make certain that men, animals, and circumstances, are all analogous as to capability, otherwise no comparison can be justly made.

It now becomes my task to take up a most disagreeable and repellent theme—to allude to acts and

feelings, that, where either are exhibited, courtesy to, and respect for, mankind would induce a hope they would only be found among the very low, the very ignorant, and, in truth, the very despicable; yet truth obliges us to unwillingly admit, and experience forces on us the conviction that they do sometimes exist, where we might fully hope for better things and better men.

It was at first proposed that this essay should be made a sort of address to the lower orders, under the hope of awakening in them a better feeling towards animals than is evinced by the generality of such persons; after-consideration brought on the conviction, or at least opinion, that an address on such a subject, in such a quarter, would be nugatory. Of course this opinion was founded on the conduct and attributes of such persons taking them "en masse," for to their credit be it said, that as much kindly feeling is often entertained in a general way, and also towards animals, by the peasant as the peer, and we might blush in admitting that there is sometimes a great deal more; but I hold lower class to

be an improper, though very common epithet, used when speaking of the peasant; or of any man whose conduct is that of a respectable one, and whose feelings are of a commendable character. Such a man is merely one of the poorer class, and it is to be regretted that he is so. But in speaking of the lower classes, I allude to those of low and degraded minds and pursuits. Such are the persons by whom animals often most cruelly suffer, and it is to such that, though in a situation to most need reformation, I fear any address on such a subject as humanity would be absolutely useless. Where the peasant or poor man is kind to his fellow-man or to the dumb animal, such conduct is not the result of education or instruction—it proceeds from direct and Heaven-born kindliness of disposition and goodness of heart, and shews far brighter in him than in the more gifted and better informed; he *wants* no instruction to be kind, nature has been his best and efficient preceptor on this point; if he does want any, it is only how and where to be kind, and how and where to avoid an unkindly act. Far more to be envied is such a man

rank and fashion now, by a native Kaffir. As education has progressed, so has refinement in amusements, and to a certain degree, though I fear not to the same extent, has refinement in feeling; but most certainly it has had its due influence in refinement of taste.

When men of the higher caste and rank patronised barbarous pursuits, there could be no surprise entertained that the lower grades entered with still greater avidity into such amusements, if amusements they could be called. But that any thing like inhumanity to inoffensive and useful animals, should be shown in an age where civilization and education have made such rapid strides as they have among ourselves, must, or ought, to excite "our special wonder."

It is a natural feeling in man to entertain envy, and consequently something bordering on distrust of, and dislike to, those in a higher position than himself; and he feels the same, or at least an equal degree of envy, if he thinks anything below himself is treated with a portion of that consideration he holds as his due.

I am quite sure some such feeling actuates the ideas and conduct of certain classes; a favourite dog, if he has allotted to him as soft, or a softer bed than man has to sleep upon, becomes an object of detestation to the jaundiced eye; those who are paid to attend on animals, in lieu of being kind to them, a the primary cause of their employ and advantage, feel a degree of jealousy of the animal, because he enjoys, in his way, as much comfort as the man. The fact is, the overweening vanity and domineering spirit of man is such, that not being in a position to lord it over his compeers, the lower orders, having nothing lower in the shape of man to tyrannise over, vent their petty spleen and tyranny on the dumb animal.

It may seem a strange truth, though it is one, that those who derive their living and comforts from the exertions of animals, usually show the least consideration towards them; but this is readily accounted for: they gain, we will say, ten shillings by the fair exertion of the animal; if, by cruelty and oppression, fifteen are to be made, cruelty and

oppression are all but certain to be used; where, on the contrary, a feeling in close affinity with gratitude, and certainly with regard, ought to be the predominating one.

It was supposed, by those living in former ages, that accustoming men to witness such barbarous sports as were then in vogue, rendered them courageous. There could be no more mistaken idea; it might, and no doubt did, render them ferocious and cruel in thought and deed; but such habits and feelings are quite alien to real courage; they may, and probably would, make a man a murderer, but most certainly not a hero or a soldier.

Every one will, I should suppose, concur in the opinion, that accustoming men to athletic sports, to hardy pursuits, and to such as may be attended with danger, enables them to endure hardship when necessary, and fearlessly look danger in the face. Even a Spanish bull fight may have this one redeeming good effect, though it does not absolutely follow, as a matter of course, that because from habit a Matador may face a bull in the arena, that he would

with the coolness of true courage face an enemy in the field, for adventurous hazard in peculiar ways is very much the effect of habit. Men being accustomed to face all sorts of wild and ferocious animals, I make no doubt does render them generally courageous, for it accustoms them to face danger without flinching—the fundamental principle of animal courage. The facing danger where duty calls on a man to do so (if he does it, though appalled by its presence), becomes moral courage, perhaps by far the higher order, for the man shewing it may be depended upon in any emergency, for he acts on principle—both combined constitute the true hero.

But though man facing his fellow-man, renders him courageous in the best possible way, and facing the denizens of the forest produces a similar attribute in another; it would be absurd to suppose that baiting, and torturing one animal with others, or encouraging conflict, beast with beast, can have any but demoralizing and brutal tendency, and positive effect, in producing such results on the minds and acts of those engaging in such pursuits. If

courage is produced or increased by habit, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, but a want of feeling, or rather brutal feeling, is by habit strengthened in a far greater ratio; possibly, indeed probably, the very lowest orders are not born with such feeling predominating, but early and constant habit of joining in brutish sports, finally produces it in its fullest force, and no law can be too stringent in their suppression.

Men being brought up with such habits may justly lay claim to some palliation of their offences, from what I really believe to be fact, namely, they do not consider they are guilty of the cruelty that they most unquestionably are, in the committal of them. But such plea cannot be brought forward by the man whose education must teach him better—for such a man there can be no excuse; curiosity may lead a person to witness an exhibition of a barbarous description, but if he goes a second time, we can draw but one conclusion from such circumstance—he admires it, and if he does, brutality lurks in his disposition, however it may be veiled by his other and general habits.

I would no more take a groom, who was addicted to seeing bull baiting and dog fighting, to take charge of my horses, than I would engage the wretched priest, who lately nearly flogged a child to death, as a schoolmaster or tutor to my own.

I would not suffer a female servant in my house, who disliked dumb animals; such is a proof I never knew fail, of bad temper and want of kind feeling. There are, on the other hand, persons who pet animals to an excess that is injurious to them, and renders their existence irksome to themselves, annoying, and sometimes disgusting, to every one but their ill-judging owner; such conduct, however, has its rise in an amiable feeling, and all we can do is to pity its misdirection; we love the person, while we deride the practice.

I have stated that avarice, ignorance, and vanity, each in its separate way, is often productive of much suffering to animals; for the first there is a shadow of palliation, for it is possible a man may feel some compunction, while he overtasks, or otherwise ill uses his animal; this doubtless is small, indeed no

consolation to the latter, and certainly a very trifling, if any plea in favour of the man: still, it proves that *all* feeling is not lost in him; and while that is the case, all hope that time, reflection, and persuasion may produce better conduct is not lost either. It is the same as regards the other two causes of the animal's sufferings; but where they are brought on by an absolute want of feeling, the case is hopeless, and, in most instances, all that can be done is to prevent any public exhibition of cruelty, harrowing to the feelings of all but the brutish perpetrator of it, and those in the same degraded class as himself.

There is an ancient saying, and indeed idea, that every Englishman's house is his castle; to a certain extent it, perhaps, is so, and the inference drawn no doubt was, that if a man was legally installed in his denominated castle, that no one could dispossess him. He would, however, find that in these times if the site of his boasted castle was wanted for a railroad, his stronghold, if even impregnable to a cannon ball, would be by no means so to an act of Parliament—out he must go, "nolens volens;" nor

would his chagrin or disappointment be taken into consideration in the remuneration awarded him—in fact, nothing but the real and hard value of the property he is forced from; little would it boot its having been the birth-place of his ancestry, his own, and that of his children, the scene endeared by years of happiness to himself and family; the iron fiat of the law ruthlessly turns him out to seek a new home, and quit a scene he feels to be a part and parcel of his existence. He is told that private feeling must give way to public good—be it so; and if it is, why should not private brutality be adequately punished, in deference to public feeling and the animal's welfare? The only reason to be assigned is this: the dumb animal is in about the same position as the man without wealth, and, consequently, without interest or influence; therefore his ills are not held to be of importance enough to call for proper punishment to those inflicting them. We are all aware that in this our country, there is the same law to protect or procure the rights of the poor as the rich; this is our "glorious constitution;" and glorious it is in princi-

ple, but the glory of its effect is sometimes a little diminished: verily, it is a great consolation to a man to know there is a law for him *if he can get at it*, which he cannot unless he has a round sum of money in his pocket to enable him to challenge the glories of the constitution to assert his rights; though should he transgress, he will find the law will quickly enough reach him, and generously do so without pecuniary advance from him.

I am quite the reverse of him, whoever he may be, who carps at the great; on the contrary, though too insignificant to mix in politics, I have been accused of possessing tory ideas and principles, a matter of not the slightest consequence to any living being; but, if so, this does not blind me to the fact that wealth and influence can always immediately carry the point of right, and whispers say sometimes of even a little, a very little wrong, where the want of it prevents even the first progressive step towards attaining positive right.

It is so with the dumb animal: there is a humane law in his favour; yet it is to be feared, that but

for the interference and watchfulness of a society, whose motives reflect the highest honour on its projectors and directors, few persons would trouble themselves about seeing such law carried into execution. It is true we see a considerable number of names, some of them very high ones, as subscribers to this laudable institution, but humanity blushes at the paucity of the amount of such subscriptions, when thousands would be cheerfully granted to erect a useless statue to commemorate the memory of some one about whom few persons feel interested. Yet the intents and exertions of such society and its employés are so shackled, and its powers of punishment so limited, that it is inadequate to effectually prevent or deter a repetition of the crime for which they convict; and further, this society is only allowed to inflict, in many instances, a tithe part of the punishment the offender merits.

I believe five pounds is the maximum fine to be paid for the most aggravated case of cruelty to any animal not human. The consequence of such mitigated fine is this; it makes the offender more cir-

cumspect in what he does, more careful not to lay himself open to conviction; but he will do the same thing or, at all events, be just as inhumane to his animal as he was before; he will calculate for and against the chances of being detected. If by carrying on a system of oppression and cruelty, he finds that the chances are, that on an average he will make more in a given time than the penalty will take from him, he will play the same flagitious game ad infinitum; but if the fine, by a graduated scale, was made so heavy that, in accordance with the nature of the offence, it was far greater in amount than any profit he could expect to make by the abuse of his animals, self-interest (for that alone would have any influence with such a man) would deter him from even risking another conviction. If, for instance, an omnibus or cab owner was convicted of repeated cruelty to his animals, fine him so heavily as to make him seriously feel it, and refuse him a continuance or renewal of his license, either as owner or driver, for if he is a brute he is unfit to be either. It may be said, that being accustomed to

such employ he is fit for no other. Yes he is—he is quite good enough, and not a bit too good, to draw a truck or watering cart about the streets himself; and a very proper employ for him. It may then be said, his family would, or might, suffer by this; it is possible they might; we cannot, in anything, guard against the chance of some individual suffering. This would not be considered if a man was transported for a trifling theft, though the loss might be quite unfelt and unheeded by the loser. But here the offence is against *august* man, in the other, far more heinous crime, it is only against a dumb animal; such a compound of selfishness, bigotry, and arrogance is man, and man frames our laws.

I had written thus far, when I was favoured by being presented with a copy of Mr. Harrison's essay on "The Evils of Steeple-chasing;" for which a most deserved prize was awarded that gentleman. His essay is one that reflects as much credit on his heart and feelings as a man, for the sentiments it promulgates, as it evinces his talent as an author,

and his ideas and education as a gentleman. Far be it from me to assume the office of critic; if I did, the criticism would only amount to eulogy. I must, however, in the character of a sportsman, venture the surmise that Mr. Harrison's enthusiasm in the purport of his essay, and in which, in a general way, I cordially join, carries his reprehension to the extreme point in designating steeple-chasing as a cruel and barbarous sport, and the "torturing" of the animal: that it is rendered often both cruel and barbarous, is most true; that it is often made the source of absolute torture to the animal, I reluctantly, but truly, admit. Our author's only somewhat erroneously applied reprehension, I conceive to be this; he represents the sport to be in itself cruel and barbarous, whereas it is the owners and riders of the horses that are so. Why I do not implicitly or absolutely admit steeple-chasing to be in itself barbarous, arises from practical experience, that a high-bred horse up to the weight he has to carry, and in proper training for the feat, can certainly go over four miles of any fair hunting country (if judiciously

ridden) without such distress as to call forth our feelings of commiseration; but I most cordially join in the opinion of Mr. Harrison, that where fences are made purposely of so formidable a character as to call forth powers or judgment that the animal does not possess, should a fatal accident occur, it is virtually unpremeditated murder, arising from the improper conduct of those placing such obstacles in the way.

His observations on the real owner of some horses being often uncertain, is quite correct; and I have, in more than one instance, heard directions given to a rider, at which humanity would, and man *should*, unquestionably blush.

I feel quite certain it would be beyond the powers of the pen of the ablest writer, to change prevailing opinion in anything, far less to put down any amusement that has taken firm hold of public taste; any attempt to do so would defeat its own object, produce decided resistance, and a dogged and determined pertinacity to the cause deprecated. The more politic measure is, not to totally deprecate the

use, but the abuse of what public opinion countenances. Few men will bear to be told that any thing they choose to do is flagitious. even admitting that it is so; but any man of common sense will listen to suggestions that show how that which he is determined to do may be done with less suffering to man or beast, and with equal gratification to himself.

That steeple-chasing is to be carried on without barbarity, and with all its exciting features existing, is beyond doubt, and if so carried on, let it take its turn with other sports; but if such scenes are to recur as have occurred, the world will, I am sure, quite agree with Mr. Harrison in saying it ought to be abolished altogether.

The same essay deprecates pigeon shooting. I respect and admire the kindness of feeling in the author that has produced his philippic against it, and if I venture any palliatory remarks, I beg it may not be attributed to any prejudice in its favour or predilection for the sport, for I never shot at a pigeon from a trap in my life. I boast of no superior feel-

ing from such circumstance, for I have done pretty much the same thing, namely, at one time I piqued myself no little on my certainty as a shot at swallows—certainly a sport less justifiable than the other; for if the pigeon was not killed by a shot, probably he would have been by a cook or poulterer; whereas the swallow, when dead, was useless. Perhaps our author has not seen much of pigeon shooting, I therefore venture the remark, that few persons attempt trap pigeon shooting who are not first-rate shots, and generally the bird falls stone dead, close to or a few yards from the trap, and I think, when so killed, dies quicker than when their necks are broken. If a bird is severely wounded, yet flies beyond the proscribed distance, there are usually plenty of persons, with and without guns, on the outside who bring him down, or watch his falling; and I should say where one pigeon escapes to die a lingering death, a very far greater proportion of game undergo such catastrophe. I only fear Mr. Harrison's feelings, and consequent remarks, are of too high an order to be appreciated by the generality of those he

intends to address, and on whom his emblematical allusion to the pigeon, just, and artistically handled as it is, would make little or no impression. Some, nay, many of these, though I should in no way suspect them of shooting at Noah himself if alive, I should think it about as probable they might do so, as to decline shooting at a pigeon, because he carried an olive branch to the ark. Any observation on the essay in question must be laudatory, if he who makes it is laudatory also. Even its only error reflects honour on its author—it emanates from feelings too good for the times we live in, and the men we live among: in truth, a little over-strained, and by being so, I fear has a tendency to defeat its laudable object.

I have made a long digression from my subject, but I feel it needs no apology to my reader; for if it induces him to read Mr. Harrison's essay, I have no doubt he will think I have introduced him to a better writer, and I am sure a better man than I.

I had, before this digression, made some remarks on the promptness, certainty, and severity, of punish-

ment of offences when committed against man, and of the reverse of this when the dumb animal only suffered.

I do not profess to have such high consideration of, or for, man as many persons entertain. I have, however, shewn quite as much, and rather more consideration for him, speaking generally, than he ever realised to me, however fair the promise; and I candidly confess that a stranger horse, or dog, inspires me with more confidence in their intrinsic worth, than does a stranger man. The former, if exhibiting bad qualities of disposition, are apostate to their race and general nature. I draw a widely different inference as regards the usually styled lord of the creation—for, like other lords, he is not always noble.

The lower orders, as I have before stated, have not usually any great consideration for dumb animals, that is, they seem to hold them as having no claim to any rank in the scale of existence; and in the event of a man killing his horse by over-working him, or crushing his cart by overloading it, if the

cart was worth more than the animal, they would hold the latter as the catastrophe the most to be lamented. Even those who do not ill use animals, refrain from doing so from interest, or sometimes kindness of disposition; but they cannot be brought to the idea that dumb animals have the comparative legitimate *right* to consideration. They seem to hold that man has precisely the same right over his beast as he has over his waggon; they will in no shape admit that dumb animals have any claim as humbler members of living society; they are not satisfied with holding man as supreme head of such, and that there is a descending scale from him to the worm, each having his claim on the world's produce, and man's consideration. They do not seem to hold the life of man to be valuable only, if his conduct is valuable, and his loss only to be deplored if it is the loss of a valuable member of society; but they consider it so because he is *man*. I must think the loss of a very useful ox, a greater one than that of a perfectly useless man, and a thousand times more so than the loss of a bad one.

Thousands consider they would have as much *right* to cut a dog in two parts, if they could be useful to them, as they would have to sever a deal board; and thousands would do it: they think the lives of animals are to be sported with at man's pleasure, and that animation gives no greater claim to be held as an humbler link of beings, than inanimate things possess.

I will give an instance of this feeling, by relating a circumstance that took place only a few months since. Walking by a canal, I saw and heard a crowd of persons standing by its side laughing and shouting: on coming up I saw a spaniel in the water, fruitlessly endeavouring from time to time to get up the bricked side of the canal; not a soul attempted to assist him, but laughed with demoniac glee at the nearly exhausted efforts of the animal to save himself. It so happened that one of the most prominent of those enjoying the sport, as they seemed to consider it, dropped his hat in the water; to save this, arms were stretched out, sticks used in all directions; the current produced by the dog's strug-

gles brought the hat close to him, and both got within a yard of me; I laid down, got hold of the dog, and lifted him out of the water quite exhausted: away went the hat out of reach. "Why the h—," said a cut-throat looking vagabond, "didn't you get out the man's hat, instead of the d—d dog?" My reply was not, I admit, a very courteous one; "D— the man's hat! if you and him were with it, I suspect your loss would not be to be regretted half as much as the dog's." Of course I was not highly complimented by the rabble.

I think it quite probable that what I said was very near the truth; still, had the fellow been in the place of his hat, and as much exhausted as the dog, a feeling of duty would have caused me to help him in preference to the animal. I should not have had my feelings of compassion more awakened by the one case than the other, nor should I have felt half as much for him as for the dog, if I estimated him as his speech to me enabled me to do; helping him out would be a duty I should have owed to myself,

though, possibly, I might not in such a case have rendered any benefit to society.

I think the anecdote I have mentioned, will serve to illustrate the state of feeling of the low as regards animals ; the struggles of a poor brute between life and death was sport to them ; the loss, or probable loss, of a ruffian's hat, awakened their interest and sympathy.

Where, and while such a state of feeling exists, it must, I think, be seen that any written work, however ably it might be carried out, would be quite unheeded ; I have, therefore, endeavoured to render this essay one to be perused by those in a different and superior position. It is a duty that such persons owe to themselves, to society, and indeed to the Creator of all things, to see that those they employ, and over whom they have control, use and treat animals with such kindness as is their due ; to give encouragement where it is shewn, and to inflict the severest punishment in their power where the reverse is the case ; it is false mercy to overlook such offence, it is being merciful to the greater brute for

wanting mercy to the suffering one. Cruelty is one of the few crimes that can scarcely be too heavily punished, and such punishment should never be remitted, for we are not only punishing a man for his acts, but may be sure we punish a savage in heart and mind.

There are few duties more imperative on parents than that of bringing up their children with a contempt for, and detestation of cruelty, and also with a proper consideration of the feelings of everything under, or that will become under their control; yet this is a duty that, in a general way, is less attended to than most others: every one will have something under his command and control; to get command is one of the great objects of man's life, so to learn how to command is one of his first duties. Children, or, at all events, boys, should never be allowed dominion over any living thing without being narrowly watched; they are all, more or less, from one cause or other, prone to cruelty and annoying; they fancy their tyranny over animals elevates their character, by shewing their power. I have often

seen boys, when trusted alone with animals, correct, and indeed ill-treat them, for the mere purpose of shewing power. I have often seen a boy (if there were persons to see him) correct his pony for no fault, but to shew he dare do so ; the permitting this, or allowing a boy to get into such habit, is most reprehensible ; and he most certainly will do so, if trusted alone with an animal. I will not pay the heads of families so bad a compliment as to suppose that the comfort of any dumb animal they may possess is unheeded by them ; but I shall perhaps insure that comfort more, if I can shew that the welfare of their children is involved in it.

The permitting a boy unwatched control over any animal, being certain to lead to such conduct and tyranny as I have mentioned, is neither more nor less than laying the foundation of a tyrannous, domineering propensity ; the habit of sacrificing the feelings of others to his whim or pleasure, and consequently to the blunting of proper feeling, and consideration for any thing but self. It will teach him to grow into a man abhorred by others, and one

against whom the hand of every fellow man would be raised, whenever opportunity presented itself; for this fact may be depended on—the boy that is permitted to get into the habit of being cruel, unjust, and arbitrary, to his pony or dog, will as a man be just the same to man, where he can or dare be so.

Those who permit servants to treat their animals with cruelty, severity, or neglect, will very probably call forth the animadversions of others, from the merited or unmerited belief that such conduct takes place with their cognisance and approval, or, at best, by their negligence, or not considering it a matter of sufficient consideration to cause its prevention; and further (and with some, more to the point), they will in most cases suffer pecuniary loss, by the depreciation of the value of their animals.

Those who from want of knowledge of how animals should be treated will suffer in just the same way, and the results of ignorance will be placed to the account of want of feelings of humanity.

Those who wantonly abuse animals, from such vanity and affectation as I have mentioned, will not

only arouse the indignation of better men, but will call forth that which it is still harder to live under, namely, utter and unmitigated contempt.

Those whose brutal disposition is shewn by the way in which they treat the unfortunate and wretched animals who get into their hands, are only tolerated by those in the same state of brutality and degradation. Let us hope a less limited scale of punishment will be granted to those whose man-like and Christian-like feelings and attention are called to the prevention of cruelty to animals: if such should be the case, aided by the watchful eye of that most useful and efficient body of men, the police, who have already done so much in this humane cause, we may indulge in the hope of a radical cure of evils that have long been a disgrace to men.

The perpetrators of such evils are accessible only to force and law: they are too ignorant, brutish, and contemptible to be addressed, or reasoned with, as men; but ferocious as they seem, and are, against the weak, the unarmed, or the timid, it will be found that, in nine cases in ten, if the man who brutally

treats an unresisting animal comes within the grasp of a man of true courage, and on equal terms, the ruffian will descend to the sneaking suppliant, and show, that brutal as he is in disposition, he is, like the tiger, cruel and ferocious when in power, but once foiled and abashed, at heart a coward.

THE END.

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